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Shakespeare

THE
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OF
SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FOURTH.

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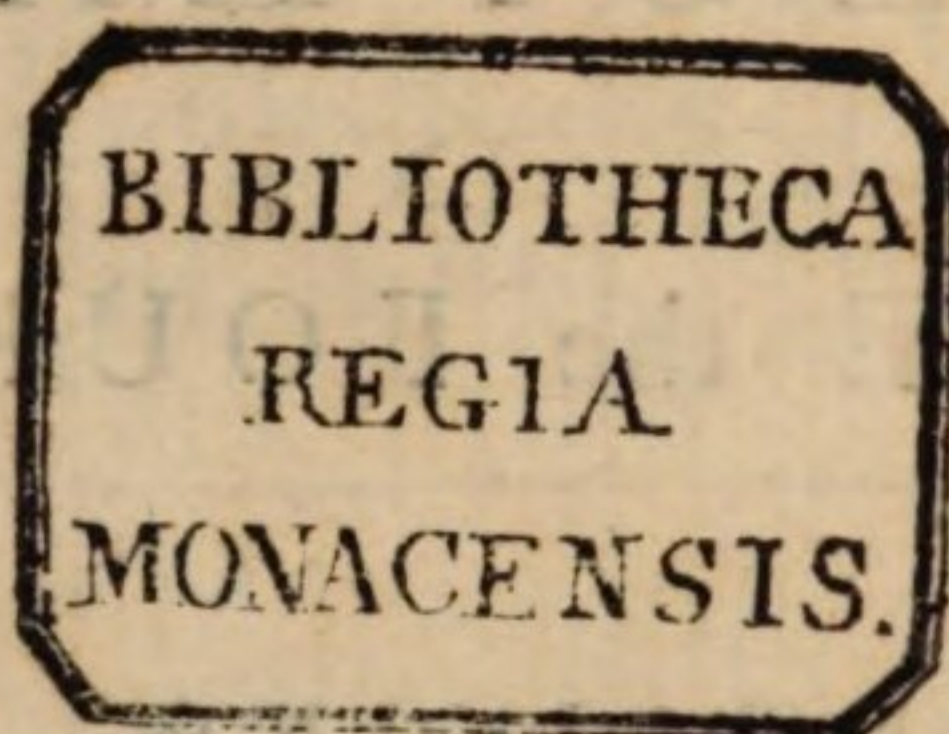
King RICHARD II.
King HENRY IV. Part I.
King HENRY IV. Part II.
King HENRY V.
King HENRY VI. Part I.



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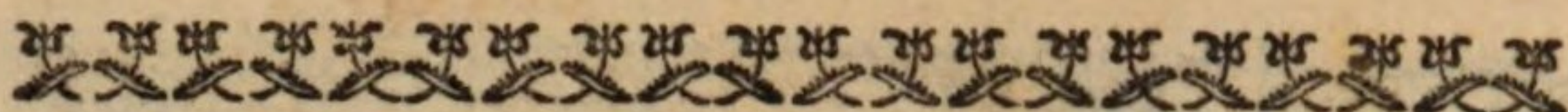
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G. V. Gucht. Scul



THE
L I F E and D E A T H
OF
R I C H A R D
THE
S E C O N D.





Dramatis Personæ.

K I N G Richard the Second.

Duke of York,

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } *Uncles to the King.*

Bolingbroke, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King
Henry the Fourth.

Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Salisbury.

Lord Berkley.

Bushy,

Bagot,

Green,

Earl of Northumberland.

Percy, Son to Northumberland,

Rofs,

Willoughby,

Bishop of Carlisle,

Sir Stephen Scroop.

Fitzwater,

Surry,

Abbot of Westminster,

Sir Pierce of Exton,

} *Servants to King Richard.*

} *Friends to Bolingbroke.*

} *Friends to King Richard.*

} *Lords in the Parliament.*

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloucester.

Duchess of York.

Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom,
and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly, in several Parts of England.

T H E



THE
(I) LIFE and DEATH of
KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I.
SCENE, *the COURT.*

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other
Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

OLD *John of Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaster*,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,
Which then our leifure would not let us hear,

(I) *The Life and Death of King Richard II.*] But this History comprizes little more than the Two last Years of this unfortunate Prince. The Action of the Drama begins with *Bolingbroke's* appealing the Duke of *Norfolk*, on an Accusation of high Treason, which fell out in the Year 1398; and it closes with the Murder of *King Richard* at *Pomfret-Castle* towards the End of the Year 1400, or the Beginning of the ensuing year.

Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your Highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, Ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the sea; hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious Sovereign, my most loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, t'appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Boling. First (Heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heav'n.
'Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the Sky,

The

The uglier seem the clouds, that in it fly.
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul Traytor's name stuff I thy throat;
 And wish, so please my Sov'reign, ere I move,
 What my Tongue speaks, my right-drawn Sword
 may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal;
 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
 The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
 First, the fair rev'rence of your Highness curbs me,
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
 Which else would post, until it had return'd,
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him a sland'rous coward, and a villain;
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
 Or any other ground uninhabitable, (2)
 Where never *Englishman* durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty;
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lye.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
 And lay aside my high blood's Royalty:

(2) *Or any other Ground uninhabitable.*] I don't know that this Word, (like the French Term, *inhabitable*,) will admit the two different Acceptations of a Place to be dwelt in, and not to be dwelt in: (or that it may be taken in the latter Sense, as *inhabitabilis* (among the *Latines*) signifies *uninhabitable*; tho' *inhabitare* signifies only to *inhabit*: and therefore I have ventur'd to read,

Or any other Ground uninhabitable.

(Which fear, not rev'ence, makes thee to accept :)
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine Honour's pawn, then stoop,
 By that, and all the rights of Knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial ;
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbray's* charge ?
 It must be great, that can inherit us
 So much as of a thought of Ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true ;
 That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments ;
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge,
 That ever was survey'd by *English* eye ;
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years,
 Complotted and contrived in this Land,
 Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
 Further, I say, and further will maintain
 Upon his bad Life to make all this good,
 That he did plot the Duke of *Glo'ster's* death ;
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries ;
 And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood ;
 Which blood, like sacrificing *Abel's*, cries
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.
 And by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Mowb.

Mowb. O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's son;
Now by my Scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburst I to his Highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign Liege was in my debt;
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now, swallow down that Lye.—For *Glo'ster's* death,
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degen'rate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeable hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot;
To prove myself a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed ;
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :
Throw down, my son, the Duke of *Norfolk's* gage ;

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid ; there is no boot.

Mowb. Myself I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear :
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage : Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots : take but
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's fight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, ev'n in *Mowbray's* face.

[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At *Coventry* upon Saint *Lambert's* day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marshal, bid our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Duke of Lancaster's
Palace.*

Enter Gaunt and Dutchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. **A** Las! the part I had in *Glo'ster's* blood
Doth more sollicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when it sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's sev'n sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as sev'n vials of his sacred blood;

Or

Or sev'n fair branches, springing from one root :
 Some of those sev'n are dry'd by Nature's course ;
 Some of those branches by the Dest'nies cut :
 But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my life, my *Glo'ster*,
 (One vial, full of *Edward's* sacred blood ;
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root ;)
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
 Is hackt down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe !
 Ah, *Gaunt* ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,
 That metal, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him ; thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death ;
 In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life ;
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair.
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean men we entitle Patience,
 Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to 'venge my *Glo'ster's* death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel ; for God's Substitute,
 His Deputy anointed in his fight,
 Hath caus'd his death ; the which if wrongfully,
 Let God revenge, for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his Minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will : farewell, old *Gaunt*, farewell.
 Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
 Our cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
 O, fit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford's* spear,
 That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be *Mowbray's* sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,

And

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin *Hereford* !
Farewel, old *Gaunt* ; thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewel ; I must to *Coventry*.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Dutch. Yet one word more ; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :

I take my leave, before I have begun ;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York* :

Lo, this is all——nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go :

I shall remember more. Bid him——oh, what ?

With all good speed at *Plasbie* visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old *York* see there

But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans ?

Therefore commend me,——let him not come there

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where ;

All desolate, will I from hence, and die ;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E, *the Lists, at Coventry.*

Enter the Lord Marshal, and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. MY Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of th' appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [*Flourish*]

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles :
when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk in arms,
Defendant.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms ;
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou art ?
[To Mowb.]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms ?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel ?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.*
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heav'n defend, a Knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me ;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n !

*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, Appellant,
in armour.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war :
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before King *Richard*, in his royal lists ? [To Boling.]
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true Knight, so defend thee heav'n !

Boling. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby*
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,

To

To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my Sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty :
For *Mowbray* and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
[To K. Rich.

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewel, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye prophane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* spear :
As confident, as is the faulcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Cousin, Lord *Aumerle*.
Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
Oh thou ! the earthly author of my blood, [To *Gaunt*.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach a victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That

That it may enter *Mowbray's* waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of *John o' Gaunt*
Ev'n in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and *St. George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard's* throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle, with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my Lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby.*
Receive thy lance; and heav'n defend thy right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this lance to *Thomas Duke of Norfolk.*

1 *Her.* *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*
Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,*
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,

To

To God, his Sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin. [*A Charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.
—But stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again :
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.

[*A long Flourish ; after which, the King
speaks to the Combatants.*

Draw near ;——

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath fostered ;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords ;
And, for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating envy set you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;
(Which thus rouz'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood :)
Therefore, we banish you our territories.
You, cousin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce,
The fly-flow hours shall not determinate

The

The dateless limit of thy dear exile :

The hopeless word, of *never to return*,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth :

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native *English*, now I must forgo ;

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,

Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;

Or, like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,

Doubly port-cullis'd with my teeth and lips :

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my goaler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now :

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;

After our sentence, Plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n,

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)

To keep the oath that we administer :

You never shall, (so help you truth, and heav'n !)

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;

Nor ever look upon each other's face,

Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile

This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate ;

Nor ever by advised purpose meet,

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,

'Gainst

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. *Norfolk*, so far, as to mine enemy:—

By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wandred in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this Realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heay'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griev'd heart, thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away; six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little 'vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done:
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle? thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst give;
Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him, for my death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things, sweet to taste, prove indigestion sow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smoothe his fault, I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.
A partial slander fought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*
[*Exit.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou heard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The

The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay rather ev'ry tedious stride I make (3)
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the Jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprentice-hood,
To foreign passages, and in the end
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a Journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places, that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the King did banish thee;
But thou the King. Wo doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance.
For gnarling sorrow hath less pow'r to bite
The man, that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in *December* snow,

(3) *Boling.* *Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious Stride I make,*] This, and the six Verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old *Quarto*. The Allusion, 'tis true, to an *Apprenticeship*, and becoming a *Journeyman*, is not in the sublime taste, nor, as *Horace* has expressed it, *spirat Tragicum satis*: however as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so despicable as to deserve being quite lost.

By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?
 Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way;
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, *England's* ground, farewell; sweet foil,
 adieu,

My mother and my nurse, which bears me yet.
 Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Court.*

*Enter King Richard, and Bushy, &c. at one door; and
 the Lord Aumerle, at the other.*

K. Rich. **W**E did, indeed, observe—Cousin *Aumerle*,
 How far brought you high *Hereford* on
 his way?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,
 But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none by me; except the north-east wind,
 (Which then blew bitterly against our faces)
 Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so by chance
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said your cousin, when you parted
 with him?

Aum. Farewel——

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
 Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
 To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
 That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
 Marry, would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
 And added years to his short banishment,
 He should have had a volume of farewells;
 But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. He is our kinsman, Cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and *Busby*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune:
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well!
And had the tribute of his supple knee;
With,—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these
thoughts.——

Now for the rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient manage must be made, my Liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war,
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largesse, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand; if they come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Busby.

K. Rich. *Busby*, what news?

Busby. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is sick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
T'intreat your Majesty to visit him.

K. Rich.

K. *Rich.* Where lies he?

Bush. At *Ely-house*.

K. *Rich.* Now put it, Heav'n, in his phyfician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately :
The lining of his coffers fhall make coats
To deck our fouldiers for thefe *Irish* wars.
Come, Gentlemen, let's all go vifit him :
Pray heav'n, we may make hafte, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *ELY-HOUSE.*

Gaunt brought in, fick; with the Duke of York.

G A U N T.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laft
In wholefome counfel to his unfay'd youth?

York. Vex not yourfelf, nor ftrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counfel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they fay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony :
Where words are fcarce, they're feldom fpent in vain ;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more muft fay, is liften'd more
Than they, whom youth and eafe have taught to glose ;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before :
The fetting fun,—and mufick in the clofe.—
As the laft tafte of fweets, is fweeteft laft ;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paft ;
Though *Richard* my life's counfel would not hear,
My death's fad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York.

York. His ear is stopt with other flatt'ring charms,
 As praises of his State; there are, beside,
 Lascivious meeters, to whose venom'd sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen:
 Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,
 Whose manners still our tardy, apish, nation
 Limp after, in base awkward imitation.
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where Will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inspir'd,
 And, thus expiring, do foretel of him,
 His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
 Small show'rs last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd Isle,
 This earth of Majesty, this seat of *Mars*,
 This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
 Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
 For christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
 Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary's* Son;

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, (I die, pronouncing it)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.

That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,
 Bagot, Rofs, and Willoughby.*

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaster*?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!
 Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping *England* long time have I watch'd,

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt;

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st, thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no, thou diest, though I sicker be.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows, I see thee ill;
Ill in myself, but seeing thee too, ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians, that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatt'ers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,

And yet engaged in so small a verge,

Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Oh, had thy Grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons;

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd;

Who art possess'd now, to depose thyself.

Why, Cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease:

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of *England* art thou now, not King:

Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;

And thou——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood

With fury from his native residence.

Now by my feat's right-royal Majesty,

Wert thou not brother to great *Edward's* son,

This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,

Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, spare me not, my brother *Edward's* son,

For that I was his father *Edward's* son.

That blood already, like the Pelican,

Hast thou tapt out, and drunkenly carous'd.

My brother *Glo'ster*, plain well-meaning soul,

(Whom fair befall in heav'n 'mongst happy souls!)

May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* blood.
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullens have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your Majesty, impute
 His words to wayward fickleness, and age ;
 He loves you, on my life ; and holds you dear
 As *Harry Duke of Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true ; as *Hereford's* love, so his ;
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be, as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor:th. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
 Majesty.

K. Rich. What says old *Gaunt* ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
 Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

York. Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so !
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
 So much for that. — Now for our *Irish* wars ;
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,
 But only they, have privilege to live.
 And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possess.

York.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
 Not *Glo'ster's* death, not *Hereford's* banishment,
 Not *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek;
 Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
 I am the last of noble *Edward's* sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
 In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce;
 In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman;
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.
 But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
 And not against his friends: His noble hand
 Did win what he did spend; and spent not that,
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin,
 Oh, *Richard*! *York* is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my Liege,
 Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
 Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
 Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights.
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
 Be not thyself.—For how art thou a King,
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* right,

Call in his letters patents that he hath,
 By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head;
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts;
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think, what you will; we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while; my Liege, farewell:
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, *Busby*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* straight,
 Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,
 To see this business done: To-morrow next
 We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow.
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England*:
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
 Come on, our Queen; to-morrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.
 [Exeunt King, Queen, &c.]

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, and Rofs.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Rofs. And living too, for now his son is Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rofs. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburden'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
 more,

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Willo. Tends, what you'd speak, to the Duke of *Hereford*?
 If it be so, out with it boldly, man:

Quick is mine ear to hear of good tow'ards him.

Rofs. No good at all that I can do for him,
 Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heav'n, it's shame, fuch wrongs are borne

In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land ;
The King is not himfelf, but bafely led
By flatterers ; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainft any of us all,
That will the King feverely profecute
'Gainft us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loft their hearts ; the Nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loft their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd ;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what ;
But what o' God's name doth become of this ?

North. Wars have not waited it, for warr'd he hath not,
But bafely yielded upon compromise
That, which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows :
More hath he fpent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The Earl of *Wiltfhire* hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and diffolution, hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for thefe *Irish* wars,
(His burdenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

North. His noble kinsman—moft degenerate King !
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempeft fmg,
Yet feek no fhelter to avoid the ftorm :
We fee the wind fit fore upon our fails,
And yet we ftrike not, but fecurely perifh.

Rofs. We fee the very wreck, that we muft fuffer ;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For fuff'ring fo the caufes of our wreck.

North. Not fo : ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I fpy life peering ; but I dare not fay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us fhare thy thoughts, as thou doft ours.

Rofs. Be confident to fpeak, *Northumberland* ;

We three are but thyself, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, my friends. I have from *Port le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald Lord Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high Majesty look like itself:
Away with me in post to *Raewenspurg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse; urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Court.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. **M**Adam, your Majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the
King,

To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
And entertain a chearful disposition,

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause,
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief;
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As

As my sweet *Richard*: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towr'd me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Busby. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, (4)
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.—So your sweet Majesty,
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your Lord's departure; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy-sad,
As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd

(4) *Like Perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew Nothing but Confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish Form.*] This is a very fine Similitude, and the
thing meant is this. Amongst *Mathematical* Recreations, this,
which your Masters in *Optics* amuse themselves with, holds a princi-
pal place. They draw a Figure, in which all the Rules of *Per-
spective* are directly inverted: so that, consequently, if held in the
same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the
rules of *Perspective*, it must present nothing but confusion: and
to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked
upon from a contrary station: or, as *Shakespeare* says, *ey'd awry*.
These kind of pictures are now very common; but not so, I believe,
in our Author's time, though he so well understood their Nature.
Mr. Warburton.

From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
 For nothing hath begot my something grief;
 Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve;
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
 But what it is, that is not yet known, what
 I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n save your Majesty! and well met,
 gentlemen:

I hope, the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is:
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
 Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power;
 And driv'n into despair an enemy's Hope,
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
 The banish'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himself;
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
 At *Ravensturg*.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worse,
 The Lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Percy*,
 The Lords of *Ross*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
 With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
 And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worcester*
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his Stewardship;
 And all the household servants fled with him
 To *Bolingbroke*.

Queen. So, *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
 And *Bolingbroke* my sorrow's dismal heir:
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

Busby. Despair not, Madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for heav'n's sake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop this land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour, that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was; why, so, go all, which way it will:
The Nobles, they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Get thee to *Plashie*, (5) to my sister *Glo'ster*;
Bid her send presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.

(5) *Get thee to Plashie*, —] The Lordship of *Plashie* was a town
of the Dutchess of Gloucester's in *Essex*. See *Hall's Chronicle* p. 13.
York.

York. Heav'n for his merey, what a tide of woes
 Come rushing on this woful land at once!
 I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
 (So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
 The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
 What, are there posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?
 How shall we do for money for these wars?
 Come, sister; (cousin, I would say;) pray, pardon me.
 Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[*To the Servant.*

And bring away the armour that is there.
 Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
 If I know how to order these affairs,
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;
 The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend; th' other again
 My kinsman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd;
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do: come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you. Go, muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at *Berkley* castle:
 I should to *Plashie* too;——
 But time will not permit. All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

Busby. The wind fits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
 But none returns; for us to levy Power,
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love
 Is near the hate of those, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons; for their love
 Lies in their purses; and who empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we;
 Because we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for refuge strait to *Bristol-castle*;

The

The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there,

Busby. Thither will I with you ; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us ;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces :
Will you go with us ?

Bagot. No : I'll to *Ireland* to his Majesty.
Farewel : If heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke*.

Green. Alas, poor Duke ! the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie.

Busby. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to a wild Prospect in*
Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. HOW far is it, my Lord, to *Berkley* now ?

North. I am a stranger here in *Glo'stershire* :
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
And yet your fair discourse has been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From *Ravenspurg* to *Cotshold*, will be found
In *Ross* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company ;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel :
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possess :
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary Lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath dore,
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
'Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my son, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Wor'ster*: whencesoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I thought, my Lord, t'have learn'd his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravensturg*,
To offer service to the Duke of *Hereford*;
And sent me o'er by *Berkley*, to discover
What pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to *Ravensturg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul, remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence.

My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to *Berkley*? and what stir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords, *York*, *Berkley*, *Seymour*;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble Lord.

Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore, thanks;--(th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Berkley*, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of *Hereford*, my message is to you.

Boling. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*;
And I am come to seek that name in *England*,
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my Lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, (what Lord you will,)
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *York*, to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in person. Noble Uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York.

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me
no Uncle:——

I am no traitor's Uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd, and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?
But more than,—why, why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou, because th' anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and myself
Rescu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand *French*;
Oh! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious Uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy Sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And, noble Uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye;
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King be King of *England*,
It must be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaster*,
You have a son, *Aumerle*, my noble kinsman:

Had

Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his Uncle *Gaunt* a father,
 To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters patents give me leave :
 My father's Goods are all distrain'd and sold,
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : attorneys are deny'd me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To mine Inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
 I have had feeling of my Cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrongs, it may not be ;
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,
 Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels, all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn, his coming is
 But for his own ; and, for the right of that,
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
 And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my pow'r is weak, and all ill left :
 But if I could, by him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sov'reign mercy of the King.
 But since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, farewell.
 Unless you please to enter in the Castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, Uncle, that we will accept,
 But we must win your Grace to go with us
 To *Bristol-Castle*, which, they say, is held
 By *Busby*, *Bagot*, and their complices ;

The

The caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go : but yet I'll pause ;
For I am loath to break our country's Laws :
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are ;
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, in *W A L E S.*

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

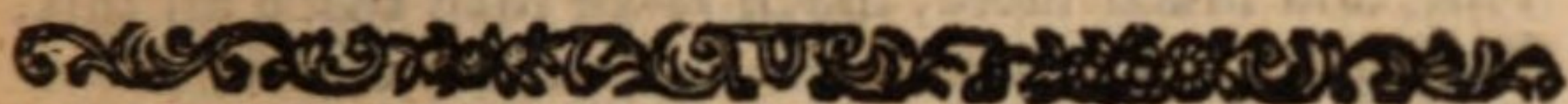
Cap. **M**Y Lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King :
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewel.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welshman* :
The King reposeth all his trust in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the King is dead : we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n ;
The pale fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth ;
And lean-look'd Prophets whisper fearful Change,
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap :
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy ;
Th' other, in hope to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death of Kings——
Farewel ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*]

Salis. Ah, *Richard*, ah ! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament :
Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes ;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]





A C T III.

SCENE, Bolingbroke's *Camp at Bristol.*

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green Prisoners.

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives ;
 For 'twere no charity : yet to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have mis-led a Prince, a royal King,
 A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean.
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours
 Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him ;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs,
 Myself, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
 Till you did make him mis-interpret me,)
 Have stoopt my neck under your injuries ;
 And sigh'd my *English* breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of Banishment :
 While you have fed upon my Signiories ;
 Dis-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my forest-woods ;
 From mine own windows torn my household coat ;
 Raz'd out my Impress ; leaving me no sign,
 Save mens' opinions, and my living blood,
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.

This,

This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
 To execution, and the hand of death.

Busby. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than *Bolingbroke* to *England*.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd.
 Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
 For heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated;
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care, my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: come, my Lords,
 away; (6)

A while to Work; and, after, Holy-day. [Exeunt.

(6) *Thanks, gentle Uncle; Come, my Lords, away,*

To fight with Glendour and his Complices,

A while to Work, and after Holyday] Tho' the intermediate Line has taken Possession of all the old Copies, I have great Suspicion of its being an Interpolation; and have therefore ventur'd to throw it out. The first and third Line rhyme to each other: nor, do I imagine, this was casual, but intended by the Poet. Were we to acknowledge the Line genuine, it must argue the Poet of Forgetfulness in his own Plan; and Inattention to History, of which he was most observant. *Bolingbroke* is, as it were, yet but just arrived; he is now at *Bristol*; weak in his numbers; has had no Meeting with a Parliament; nor is so far assur'd of the Succession, as to think of going to suppress Insurrections before he is planted in the Throne. Besides, we find, the Opposition of *Glendower* begins the First Part of *K. Henry IV*; and *Mortimer's* Defeat by that hardy *Welshman* is the Tidings of the first Scene of that Play. Again, tho' *Glendower*, in the very first Year of *K. Henry IV*, began to be troublesome, put in for the Supremacy of *Wales*, and imprison'd *Mortimer*; yet it was not till the succeeding Year, that the King employ'd any Force against him.



SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Coast of Wales.*

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets.

*Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle,
and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. **B** *Arkloughly-Castle* call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good Lord; how brooks
your Grace the air.

After your tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
To stand upon my Kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:

But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, Lords;

This earth shall have a feeling: and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King

Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my Lord; that Pow'r, that made
you King,

Hath pow'r to keep you King, in spite of all.

The means, that heaven yields, must be embrac'd,

And

And not neglected : else if heaven would,
And we would not heav'n's offer, we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world ;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole ;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the east ;
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day ;
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath prest,
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious Angel ; then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heav'n still guards the Right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lies your Power ?

Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
And

And bids me speak of nothing but despair:
 One day (too late, I fear, my noble Lord)
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
 Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.
 To day, to day,—unhappy day, too late
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.
 For all the *Welshmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, disperst and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
 And till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
 All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember, who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not King?
 Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest:
 Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my Name; a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
 High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle *York*
 Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my Kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care:
 And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
 Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
 Revolt our Subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us.
 Cry, Woe, Destruction, Ruin, Loss, Decay;

The

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty; boys with womens voices
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal yew, against thy state:
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*? where is he got? (7)
What is become of *Busby*? where is *Green*?
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

(7) *Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?*

What is become of Busby? where is Green?] Here are four of them named; and, within a very few Lines, the King, hearing they had made their Peace with *Bolingbroke*, calls them THREE *Judas's*. But how was their Peace made? Why, with the Loss of their Heads. This being expained, *Aumerle* says, *Is Busby, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead?* So that *Bagot* ought to be left out of the Question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for *Chester*, and from thence had escap'd into *Ireland*. And so we find him, in the second Act, determining to do.

Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland*, to his Majesty.

The Poet could not be guilty of so much Forgetfulness and Absurdity. The Transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally alter'd the Text,

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is he got?

i. e. into what Corner of my Dominions is he sunk, and absconded?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord!

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption.
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three *Judas*'s, each one thrice worse than *Judas*!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those, whom you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Busby*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;

And yet not so——for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,

And nothing can we call our own, but death;

And that small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war:

Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossest:

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:

All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a King,

Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,

Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable : and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell King !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rev'rence : throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
 Taste grief, need friends, like you : subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a King ?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail :

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe ;
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come from fight :
 And fight and die, is death destroying death :
 Where fearing, dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud *Bolingbroke*, I come
 To change blows with thee, for our day of doom ;
 This ague fit of fear is over-blown ;
 An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, *Scroop*, where lies our Uncle with his power ?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day ;
 So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
 Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his faction.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
 Beshrew thee, Cousin, which didst lead me forth
 [To Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair.
 What say you now? what comfort have we now?
 By heav'n, I'll hate him everlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to *Flint-Castle*, there I'll pine away:
 A King, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey:
 That pow'r I have, discharge; and let 'em go
 To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow:
 For I have none. Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my foll'wers: let them hence, away,
 From *Richard's* night to *Bolingbroke's* fair day. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Bolingbroke's Camp, near Flint.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke, York,
 Northumberland, and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn,
 The *Welshmen* are dispers'd; and *Salisbury*
 Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
 With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord *Northumberland*,
 To say, King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
 When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
 Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would
 Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
 For taking so the head, the whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, Uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake, the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, Uncle, nor oppose myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against your entrance.

Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?

Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone,
And with him Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of *Carlisle*.

Boling. Noble Lord, [To *North*.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
Doth kiss King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal person:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King *Richard's* land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain;
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks,

Methinks, King *Richard* and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock,
 At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n :
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water ;
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within : then a flourish.
Enter, on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Car-
lisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

See ! see ! King *Richard* doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun,
 From out the fiery portal of the East,
 When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory ; and to stain the tract
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King : behold his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling Majesty ; alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful King ;
 And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship.
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
 Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends :
 Yet know,——My master, God omnipotent,
 Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond, methinks, he is)
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war;
 But ere the crown, he looks for, live in peace, (8)
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flow'r of *England's* face;
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation; and bedew
 Her pastures grafs with faithful *English* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our Lord the King
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand,
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandfire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 (Currents, that spring from one most gracious head)
 And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
 His coming hither hath no farther scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Infranchisement immediate on his knees:

(8) *But e'er the Crown, he looks for, live in Peace,
 Ten thousand bloody Crowns of Mothers' Sons
 Shall ill become the Flow'r of England's face;*] Tho' I have
 not disturb'd the Text here, I cannot but think it liable to Suspicion.
 A Crown living in Peace, as *Mr. Warburton* justly observ'd to me,
 is a very odd Phrase. He supposes;

But e'er the Crown, he looks for, light in Peace.

i. e. descend and settle upon *Bolingbroke's* Head in Peace. —
 Again, I have a small Quarrel to the third Line quoted. Would
 the Poet say, That bloody Crowns should disfigure the *Flow'rs* that
 spring on the Ground, and bedew the *Grafs* with blood? Surely the
 two Images are too similar. I have suspected,

Shall ill become the Floor of England's Face;

i. e. Shall make a dismal Spectacle on the Surface of the Kingdom's
 Earth.

Which

Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.

This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, say, thus the King returns:
His noble Cousin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourself, Cousin, do we not, [To Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth; oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes back from *Bolingbroke*.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave;
A little, little grave;—an obscure grave.

Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high-way: (9)
 Some way of common tread, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head:
 For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; (my tender-hearted cousin!)
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match, with shedding tears?
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
 Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
 Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
 What says King *Bolingbroke*? will his Majesty
 Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
 You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says, ay.

North. My Lord, in the base-court he doth attend
 To speak with you, may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
 In the base-court? base-court, where Kings grow base,
 To come at traitor's calls, and do them grace.
 In the base-court come down? down, court; down, King:
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

(9) *Or I'll be buried in the King's high-way;*
Some Way of common Trade, —] As specious as this Reading appears, Mr. *Warburton*, Mr. *Bishop*, and I, all concurred in suspecting it, and in the Amendment which now possesses the Text;

Some way of common Tread; —

i. e. a high Road. He subjoins immediately;

For on my heart they tread now, while I live;

And we know how much it is *Shakespeare's* way to diversify the Image with the same Word,

Boling.

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow, and grief of heart,
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man;
Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his Majesty.

My gracious Lord—— [Kneels.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.

Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.

Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, No. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE, a Garden, in the Queen's Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause:
But thou shouldst please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners.

Let's step into the shadow of these trees;——
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

They'll talk of State: for every one doth so,
Against a change; woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be even in our Government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisom weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Shewing

Shewing, as in a model, our firm state?
When our sea-walled garden, (the whole land,)
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He, that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
(That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;) *are*
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean, the Earl of *Wiltshire*, *Busby*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
What pity is't, that he had not so trimm'd
And dress'd his land, as we this garden dress,
And wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees;
Left, being over proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the Crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters last night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am prest to death, through want of
speaking:

Thou *Adam's* likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fall of curst man?
Why dost thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, (thou little better thing than earth,)

Divine

Divine his downfal ? say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe these news ; yet, what I say, is true ;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke* ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your Lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light :
But in the balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Besides himself, are all the *English* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so ;
I speak no more, than every one doth know.

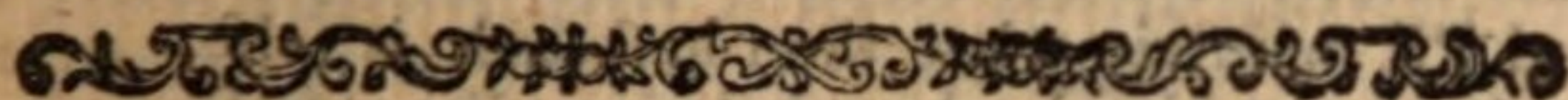
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me ?
And am I last, that know it ? oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies go ;
To meet, at *London*, *London's* King in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad Look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke* !
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor *Queen*, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, four *herb of grace* ;
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping *Queen*.

[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*]





A C T IV.

SCENE, in LONDON:

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Glo'ster's* death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord *Aumerle*.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ster's* death was plotted,
I heard you say, "Is not my arm of length,
" That reacheth from the restful *English* Court
" As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk that very time,
I heard you say, "You rather had refuse,
" The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
" Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
" How blest this Land would be in this your Cousin's
" death."

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour foil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual seal of death,

That

That marks thee out for hell. Thou liest,
And I'll maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble *Glo'ster's* death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. *Aumerle*, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n itself is true.

Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy,
That Lye shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge.
Till thou the lye-giver, and that Lye, rest
In earth as quiet, as thy father's scull.

In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse ?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies ; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be ;
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his Signiories ; when he's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his trial.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious christian field
Streaming the Ensign of the christian Cross.
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead ?

Carl. Sure as I live, my Lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th' bosom of good *Abraham* !—Lords appealants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid;

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.

'Would God, than any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true Nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richard's* subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.

And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? oh, forbid it!
That, in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black obscene a deed.
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.

And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars,
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny

Shall

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's skulls.
 Oh, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this curst earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here.
 My Lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge,
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May't please you, Lords, to grant the Commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
 He may surrender: so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.]

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
 Little are we beholden to your love,
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard, and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 T'insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
 Give sorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
 So *Judas* did to *Christ*: but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the King!—will no man say, *Amen*?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen*.
 God save the King, although I be not he:
 And yet, *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
 To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
 Which

Which tired Majesty did make thee offer :

The resignation of thy state and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize
the crown,

Here, on this side, my hand ; on that side, thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

That owes two buckets, filling one another ;

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen and full of water ;

That bucket down, and full of tears, am I ;

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories, and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I King of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares, set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be :
Therefore no No ; for I resign to thee.

Now, mark me how I will undo myself ;

I give this heavy weight from off my head ;

And this unwieldy scepter from my hand ;

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm ;

With mine own hands I give away my crown ;

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state ;

With mine own breath release all dutious oaths.

All pomp and majesty I do forswear :

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd !

Long

Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
And soon lie *Richard* in an earthy pit!
God save King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land:
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a King;
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with *Pilate* wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet, you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My Lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory base; a Sovereign, a slave;
Proud Majesty, a subject: state, a peasant.

North. My Lord——

K. Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
Nor no man's Lord: I have no name, no title;

No,

No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
 But 'tis usurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now, what name to call myself!
 Oh, that I were a mockery-King of snow,
 Standing before the sun of *Bolingbroke*,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!
 Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,)
 An if my word be sterling yet in *England*, [To *Boling.*
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may shew me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Bling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book, indeed,
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Enter one, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring glass!
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face, the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Is this the face, which fac'd so many follies,
 That was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke*?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

As brittle, as the glory, is the face;
 For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
 Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport;

How

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha, let's see;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:—conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: Lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle and Aumerle.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

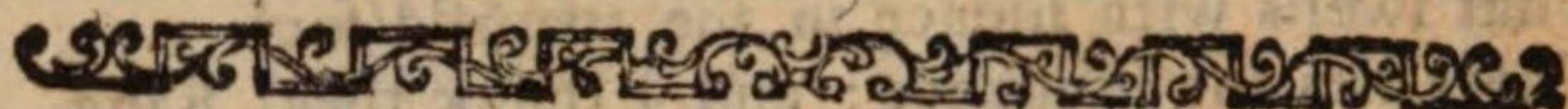
Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You

You shall not only take the sacrament,
 To bury mine intents, but to effect
 Whatever I shall happen to devise.
 I see, your brows are full of discontent,
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
 Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
 A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [Exeunt.]



A C T V.

S C E N E, *a Street in LONDON.*

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Q U E E N.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
 To *Julius Cæsar's* ill-erected tow'r;
 To whose flint bosom my condemned Lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
 Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
 My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold,
 That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
 O thou, the model where old *Troy* did stand,
 [To K. Rich.]
 Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard's* tomb,
 And not King *Richard*; thou most beauteous inn,
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
 When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich.

K. *Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
 To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
 To think our former state a happy dream,
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
 Shews us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
 To grim necessity; and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
 And cloister thee in some religious house;
 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
 Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
 Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
 The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
 And fawn on rage with base humility,
 Which art a lion and a King of beasts?

K. *Rich.* A King of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
 I had been still a happy King of men.
 Good sometime *Queen*, prepare thee hence for *France*;
 Think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'st,
 As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
 And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why? the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
 And in compassion weep the fire out:
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:
 You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.

And,

And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me:

[To the Queen.]

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet *May*;
Sent back like *Hallowmas*, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my Love, and heart
from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans:

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief;

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and his Dutcheſs.

Dutch. MY Lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You wou'd have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had said at once,
Jesu, preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus; I thank you, country-men;

And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for some strong purpose steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted;
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state, and honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son *Aumerle*.

York. *Aumerle* that was,

But that is lost, for being *Richard's* friend.
And, Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome, my son; who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from *Oxford*? hold those jousts and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, they do.

York. You will be there?

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom?
Yea,

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which, for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear——

Dutch. What should you fear, my Lord?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason! villain, traitor, slave!

Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord?

York. Hoa, who's within there? saddle my horse.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

Enter Servant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle*. (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my sight.

[*Speaking to the Servant.*]

York. Give me my boots.

D 2

Dutch.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
 Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
 Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
 Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
 And rob me of a happy mother's name?
 Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad-woman,
 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
 A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
 And interchangeably have set their hands,
 To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dutch. He shall be none;
 We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
 My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
 As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful:
 But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
 That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
 And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
 Sweet *York*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
 He is as like thee as a man may be,
 Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
 And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*; mount thee upon his horse;
 Spur post, and get before him to the King,
 And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York*:
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [Exeunt.



SCENE

(10) SCENE changes to the Court at Windsor-Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months, since I did see him last,
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
 I would to heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
 Enquire at *London*, 'mong the taverns there:
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions:
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers:
 While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
 And told him of these triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Boling. And what said the Gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove
 And wear it as a favour, and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desp'rate; yet through both

(10) Scene changes to Oxford.] This Distinction of Scenary, which is marked in none of the former Copies, we owe to the happy Efforts of Mr. Pope in his Editions. But Indolence and Industry work the same Effects upon this Gentleman in his Discoveries, and are both the Parents of Error. 'Tis true, the Turnaments, prepared for the Destruction of *Bolingbroke*, were appointed at *Oxford*, and thither *Bolingbroke* was invited by the Conspirators. But the Plot was discovered early enough to prevent his setting out for *Oxford*; and the Duke of *York* impeached his Son to him, and *Aumerle* likewise accused himself, at the Castle of *Windsor*, where *Bolingbroke* then resided, as Mr. Pope might have seen in our *English* Chronicles: and therefore thither I have removed the Scene.

I see some sparks of hope ; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here ?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King ?

Boling. What means our Cousin, that he stares,
And looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your Grace, I do beseech your Majesty,
To have some conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our Cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak !

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[*York within.*

York. My Liege, beware, look to thyself,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to
fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy King :
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, Uncle ? speak, take breath :
Tell us how near is danger.
That we may arm us to encounter it,

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand set it down.

I tore

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous son!
Thou clear, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himself,
Thy overflow of good converts the bad; (11)
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame;
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies:
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutchess within.

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'n's sake, let me in.

Bol. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine Aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the beggar, and the King:
My dang'rous Cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for his forgiveness prosper may;
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest is sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

(11) *Thy Overflow of Good converts to Bad*] This is the Reading of all the printed Copies in general; and I never 'till lately suspected its being faulty. The Reasoning is disjointed, and inconclusive: My Emendation makes it clear and of a Piece. "Thy Overflow
" of Good changes to the Complexion of thy Son's Guilt; and thy
" Goodness, being so abundant, shall excuse his Trespas.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle *Liege*.
[*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good Aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them both my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*

Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'r's in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt;
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocrify,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good Aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
And if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.

Boling. Good Aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,

Pardon

Pardon is the fuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy 'vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again:

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in *French*, King; say, *Pardonnez moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon, pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted Lord;
That set'st the word itself, against the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping *French* we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, —— the
Abbot, —— (12)

With all the rest of that consoorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good Uncle, help to order several Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er these traitors are.
They shall not live within this world, I swear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and cousin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

(12) But for our trusty Brother-in-law, —— the Abbot ——] Without these Marks of Disjunction, which I have thought proper to add, the *Abbot* here mentioned and *Bolingbroke's* Brother-in-law seem to be one and the same person: but this was not the Case. The Abbot of *Westminster* was an Ecclesiastic; but the Brother-in-law, meant, was *John Duke of Exeter* and Earl of *Huntingdon*, (own Brother to King *Richard II.*) and who had married with the Lady *Elizabeth* Sister to *Henry of Bolingbroke*.

Dutch. Come, my old son; I pray heav'n make thee new. [Exeunt.

Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake?

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. “Have I no friend?”——quoth he; he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wittily look'd on me,
As who shall say,——I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to the Prison at Pomfret-Castle.*

Enter King Richard.

I Have been studying, how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
(As thoughts, of things divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word; as thus; Come, little ones; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls :
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 And shall not be the last : (Like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
 That many have, and others must sit there ;)
 And, in this thought, they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am. Then crushing penury
 Persuades me, I was better when a King ;
 Then am I king'd again ; and by and by,
 Think, that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
 And streight am nothing ;——but what-e'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—Musick do I hear ? [Musick.
 Ha, ha, keep time : how sower sweet musick is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept ?
 So is it in the musick of mens' lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke :
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock :
 My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar,
 Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch ;
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, Sir, the sounds, that tell what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which

Which is the bell ; so sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, hours, and times—O, but my time
 Runs posting on, in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, is jack o'th' clock.
 'This musick mads me, let it sound no more ;
 For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart, that gives it me !
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to *Richard*
 Is a strange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art ? how com'st thou hither ?

Where no man ever comes, but that sad drudge, (13)

That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
 When thou wert King ; who travelling tow'ards *York*,
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometime Master's face.

O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,

In *London* streets, that coronation day ;

When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;

That horse, that I so carefully have drefs'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? tell me, gentle friend,
 How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly, as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back !
 That jade had eat bread from my royal hand.
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,

(13) *Where no Man ever comes, but that sad Dog*] I have ventured at a Change here, against the Authority of the Copies, by the Direction of Mr. Warburton. Indeed, *sad Dog* favours too much of the Comedian, the Oratory of the late facetious Mr. Penketbman. And *Drudge* is the word of Contempt, which our Author chuses to use on other like Occasions.

(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass ;
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom.]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say.

[Exit.]

Keep. My Lord, will't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not ; for Sir *Pierce of Exton*,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Devil take *Henry of Lancaster*, and thee !
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. *[Beats the Keeper.]*

Keep. Help, help, help !——

Enter Exton, and Servants.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this rude
assault ?

Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument ;

[Snatching a Sword.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. *[Kills another.]*

[Exton strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person : thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. *[Dies.]*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood ;
Both have I spilt : Oh, would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear ;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to the Court at Windsor.*

Flourish : Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords and Attendants.

Boling. **K**ind Uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is, that the Rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of *Cicester* in *Gloucestershire* ;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my Lord : what is the news ?

North. First to thy sacred State with I all happiness ;
The next news is, I have to *London* sent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent* :
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a Paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitzw. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* sent to *London*
The heads of *Braccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely* ;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitzwater*, shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, *Abbot of Westminster*,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave :
But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. *Carlisle*, this is your doom :
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.

For

For though mine enemy thou'lt ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton, with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. *Exton*, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need ;
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murd'rer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, or light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent :

I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [Exeunt omnes.

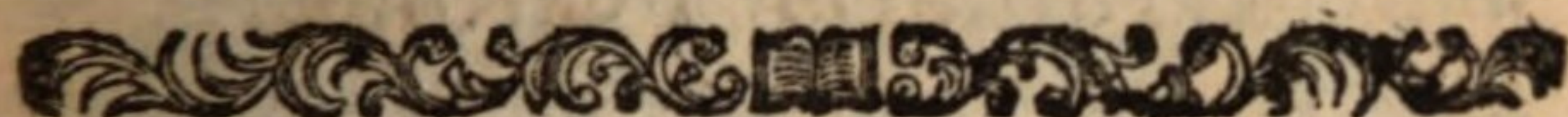




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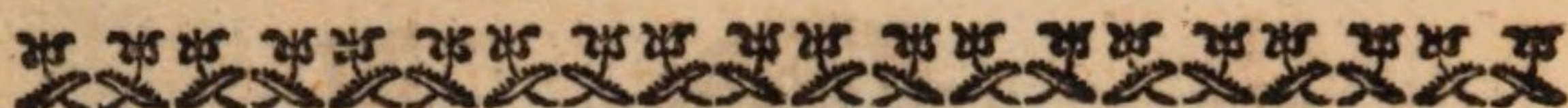
WITH THE

L I F E and D E A T H

O F

H E N R Y, Sirnam'd H O T-S P U R.





Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth.

Henry, *Prince of Wales,* } *Sons to the King.*
John, *Duke of Lancaster,* }

Worcester, }
Northumberland, }
Hot-spur, } *Enemies to the King.*
Mortimer, }
Archbishop of York, }

Dowglas, }
Owen Glendower, }
Sir Richard Vernon, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir Michell, }
Westmorland, }
Sir Walter Blunt, }
Sir John Falstaff.

Poins, }
Gads-hill, } *Companions of Falstaff.*
Peto, }
Bardolph, }

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.

*Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
Mortimer.*

Hostess Quickly.

*Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
Travellers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, ENGLAND.

THE



THE

(1) The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Court in London.*

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, and others.

King HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds a-far remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soil

(1) *The 1st Part of Henry IV.] The Transactions, contained in this historical Drama, are comprized within the Period of about 10 Months: For the Action commences with the News brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald Earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill) which Battle was fought on Holy-wood-day, (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it closes with the Defeat and Death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which Engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the Eve of St. Mary Magdalen) in the Year 1403.*

Shall

Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming, ranks
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed Cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.
 Therefore, we meet not now: Then let me hear,
 Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
 What yesternight our Council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken;
 A thousand of his people butchered,
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be,

Without

Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. *Henry*. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the holy Land.

West. This, matcht with other, did, my gracious Lord ;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* spent a sad and bloody hour :
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he, that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. *Henry*. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each foil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this feat of ours :
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* plains. Of prisoners, *Hotspur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldest son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoil ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith, a conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. *Hen*. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In Envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of so blest a son :
A son, who is the theam of Honour's tongue :
Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant ;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride ;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,

That

That some night-trippling Fairy had exchange'd,
 In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
 Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, Cousin,
 Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
 I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*,

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Wor'ster*,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
 And for this cause a while we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we
 Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the Lords:
 But come yourself with speed to us again;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. **N**OW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?
P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drink-
 ing old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
 sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast
 forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst
 truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the
 time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and
 minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and
 dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun
 himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I
 see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to
 demand the time of the day.

Fal.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal.* For we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by *Phæbus*, he, that wandring knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art King—as God save thy Grace, (Majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none.)——

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly—

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art King, (2) let not us that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana's* foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we——steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea; being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, *lay by*: and spent with crying, *bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad: and is not mine Hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

(3) *Let not Us, that are Squires of the Night's body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty.*] This conveys no manner of Idea to me. How could they be called Thieves of the Day's Beauty? They robbed by Moon-shine; they could not steal the fair Day-light. I have ventured to substitute, *Booty*: and this I take to be the Meaning. Let us not be called *Thieves*, the Purloiners of that *Booty*, which, to the Proprietors, was the Purchase of honest Labour and Industry by Day.

P. Henry.

(3) *P. Henry.* As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

(3) *As the Honey of Hybla, my Old Lad of the Castle.] Mr. Rowe,* (as I have observed in a Note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,) took notice of a Tradition, that this Part of *Falstaff* was said to have been written originally under the Name of *Oldcastle*. An ingenious Correspondent (whom I only know by his signing himself L. H.) hints to me, that the Passage above quoted from our Author proves, what Mr. Rowe tells us was a Tradition. *Old Lad of the Castle* seems to have a Reference to *Oldcastle*. Besides, if this had not been the Fact, (before the Change was made to *Falstaff*) why, in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry IV.* where our Author promises to continue his Story with Sir *John* in it, should he say, *Where, for any Thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a Sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: for Oldcastle dy'd a Martyr, and this is not the Man.* This looks like declining a Point, that had been made an Objection to him. I'll give a farther Matter in Proof, which seems almost to fix the Charge. I have read an old Play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Vth, containing the Honourable Battle of Agincourt.*—The Action of this Piece commences about the 14th Year of K. Henry IVth's Reign, and ends with Henry the Vth marrying Princess *Catharine of France*. The Scene opens with Prince Henry's Robberies. Sir *John Oldcastle* is one of his Gang, and called *Jockie*; and *Ned* and *Gads-bill* are two other Comrades.—From this old imperfect Sketch, I have a Suspicion, *Shakespeare* might form his two Parts of *Henry the IVth*, and his History of *Henry V*: and, consequently, 'tis not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir *John Oldcastle*, till some Descendants of that Family moved Queen *Elizabeth* to command him to change the Name.

Fal.

P. Henry. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent ——— But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits? ———

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnshire* bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young Prince ——— But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Be-



fore I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's son in christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

(4) *Fal*. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Poins* ! ——— Now shall we know, if *Gads-bill* have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him !

(4) *Fal*. *Why*, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no Sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Enter *Poins*.

Poins. Now shall we know, if *Gads hill* have set a Match.] Mr. Pope has given us one signal Observation in his Preface to our Author's Works. Throughout his Plays, says he, had all the Speeches been printed without the very Names of the Persons, I believe one might have applied them with Certainty to every Speaker. But how fallible the most sufficient Critick may be, the Passage in Controversy is a main Instance. As signal a Blunder has escaped all the Editors here, as any one through the whole Set of Plays. Will any one persuade me, *Shakespeare* could be guilty of such an Inconsistency, as to make *Poins* at his first Entrance want News of *Gads-bill*, and immediately after to be able to give a full Account of him? ——— No ; *Falstaff*, seeing *Poins* at hand, turns the Stream of his Discourse from the Prince, and says, Now shall we know whether *Gads-bill* has set a Match for Us ; and then immediately falls into Railing and Invectives against *Poins*. How admirably is this in Character for *Falstaff* ! And *Poins*, ——— who knew well his abusive manner, seems in part to overhear him : and so soon as he has returned the Prince's Salutation, cries, by way of Answer, *What says Monsieur Remorse* ? *What says Sir John Sack and Sugar* ?

Enter

Enter Poins.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true man. ———

P. Henry. Good-morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good-morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? *Jack*! how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a cup of *Madeira*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word; the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due*.

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I have vizors for you all; you have horses for yourselves: *Gads-hill* lies to-night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in *East-cheap*; we may do it, as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation-sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all-hallown summer! [*Exit Fal.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. (5) *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads-*

(5) *Falstaff*, *HARVEY*, *ROSSIL*, and *Gads-hill* shall rob those Men that we have already way-laid.] Thus the whole Stream of Editions, from the first downwards. But thus we have two Persons named, as Characters in this Play, that never were once inserted among the *Dramatis Personæ* in any of the Impressions whatsoever. But let us see who they were, that committed this Robbery; and then, perhaps, we may be able to account for this Pair of additional Thieves, as they at present seem. In the second Act, we come to a Scene of the *High-way*. *Falstaff*, wanting his Horse, which had been hid on purpose to plague him, calls out on *Hal*, *Poins*, *Bardolph*, and *Peto*; and says, he has a great Mind to leave these Rogues. Presently, *Gads-bill* joins 'em, with Intelligence of Travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince says,——You four shall front 'em in the narrow Lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower. So that the Four to be concerned are *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads-bill*. Accordingly, the Robbery is committed: and the Prince and *Poins* afterwards rob them four. When the Matter comes to an Examination in the *Boars Head Tavern*, the Prince rallies *Peto* and *Bardolph* for their running away; who confess the Charge. Upon the Evidence now is it not plain, that *Bardolph*, and *Peto* were two of the four Robbers? And who then can doubt, but *Harvey* and *Rossil* were the Names of the Actors that performed those two Parts; and by Mistake, in the old Play-house Books, put instead of the Names of the Characters to be represented by them?

bill,

bill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid ; yourself and I will not be there ; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth ?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them ; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail ; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay ; but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood ; our vizors we will change after we leave them ; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper ! how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eastcheap*, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [Exit Poins.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness ;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world ;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised ;
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment in the
 Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. **M**Y blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities ;
 And you have found me ; for accordingly
 You tread upon my patience : but be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sov'reign Liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too, which our own hands
 Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good Lord,——

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory ;

And

And Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us. When we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester.*

You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those prisoners, in your Highness' name demanded,
 Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
 As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

Or envy therefore, or misprision,
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners;
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
 Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword;
 Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd;
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.

He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose: and took't away again;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd, and talk'd:
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
 Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.

I, then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 (To be so pester'd with a popinjay,)

Out of my grief, and my impatience
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was *Parmacity*, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly: And but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
 Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die; and, never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge shall ransom strait
 His brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
 He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
 But by the chance of war; to prove that true,

Needs

Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle *Severn's* sedgey bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift *Severn's* flood ;
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many, and all willingly.
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou bely'st him ;
 He never did encounter with *Glendower* ;
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed ? but, firrah, from this hour
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you—My Lord *Northumberland*,
 We licence your departure with your son.
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. Henry.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them. I will after strait,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause a while ;
 Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer* ?
 Yes, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.

In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust,
 But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i'th' air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and cankered *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
 mad. [To Worcester.

Wor. Who strook this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale.
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
 By *Richard* that is dead, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
 And then it was, when the unhappy King
 (Whose wrongs in us, God pardon!) did set forth
 Upon his *Irish* expedition;
 From whence he, intercepted, did return
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
 Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you;—did King *Richard* then
 Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
 Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And for his sake wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous subornation? shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
 (O pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To shew the line and the predicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle King)
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Ingag'd them both in an unjust behalf;
 (As both of you, God pardon it! have done :)
 To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker *Bolingbroke*?
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again.
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud King, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
 Therefore, I say——

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim:
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south;
 And let them grapple.—O! the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heav'n, methinks, it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
 Without corrival all her dignities.
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,

But

But not the form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots*,
That are your prisoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them :
No, if a *Scot* would save his soul, he shall not ;
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes ;
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will ; that's flat :
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer* :
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer* :
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer* !
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke* :
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of *Wales*,
(But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,)
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, my kinsman ; I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke* :

In *Richard's* time—what do ye call the place ?—
A plague upon't !—it is in *Glo'stershire*—
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept—
His uncle *York*—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this King of smiles, this *Bolingbroke* :

When

When you and he came back from *Ravenspurg*.

North. At *Berkley* castle.

Hot. You say true :

Why, what a deal of candy'd courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

Look, when his *infant fortune* came to age, —

And, *gentle Harry Percy* — and *kind cousin* —

The devil take such cozeners — God forgive me —

Good Uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again.

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* prisoners.

[To *Hot-spur*.

Deliver them without their ransom strait,

And make the *Dowglas'* Son your only mean

For pow'rs in *Scotland* ; which, for divers reasons (6)

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,

Will easily be granted — You, my Lord, [To *North*.

Your son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,

Th' Arch-bishop.

(6) ————— which for divers Reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd

Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,

Shall secretly into the Bosom creep

Of that same noble Prelate, &c] I have changed the Pointing of this Passage by the Direction of *Dr. Thirlby* ; and certainly with just Reason. *Worcester* is here planning out a Conspiracy to his Nephew and Brother. But *Worcester* never calls his Nephew *my Lord* : nor was *Hot-spur* intended to be the Person to stir up the *Archbishop*. ' Do you, (says he to *Hotspur* ;) deliver up your Prisoners ; release ' *Dowglas* ransomless, and employ him to raise a Force for you in ' *Scotland*, which will be granted ; And you, my Lord, (says he to ' *Northumberland*) while your Son is so employed, shall go and work ' upon the *Archbishop of York* to rise and assist you.' Consonant to this, the King, at the End of this Play sends his Son *John* with an Army towards *York*,

To meet *Northumberland* and *Prelate Scroop*,

Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.

Hot.

Hot. *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Bristol*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion, that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: on my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot choose but be a noble plot;
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!

Wor. So they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think, we deem ourselves unsatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our pow'rs at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E, *an Inn at Rochester.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

I C A R R I E R.

HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What, ostler?

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cutt's* faddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin Ostler* dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all *London* road for fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' *Mafs*, there's ne'er a King in *Christendom* could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, (7) and two Razes of ginger to be deliver'd as far as *Cbaring-cross*.

1 *Car.*

(7) *And two Razes of Ginger*] As our Author in several Passages mentions a Race of Ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What, ostler? a plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain! —

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's ev'n as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieft no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow, master *Gads-hill*; it holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin, in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks

from the *Raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single Root of it, from the *Italian* Term *Radice*; but a *Raze* is the *Indian* Term for a *Bale* of it. Two Roots of this Spice, it is obvious, would hardly have been sent from *Rocheſter* to *London* by the Carrier.

with

with him in gold ; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper ; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what : they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with *St. Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it : I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou worshipp'st *St. Nicholas* as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old *Sir John* hangs with me, and thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-fake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit fake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff-six-penny-strikers, none of those mad *Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms* ; but with nobility and tranquillity ; (8) burgomasters, and great moneyers ; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak ; and speak sooner than drink ; and drink sooner than pray ; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth ; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

(8) *Burgo-masters, and great one-eyers.*] Perhaps, oneraries, Trustees, or Commissioners ; says *Mr. Pope*. But how this Word comes to admit of any such Construction, I am at a loss to know. To *Mr. Pope's* second Conjecture, of *cunning Men that look sharp and aim well*, I have nothing to reply seriously ; but chuse to drop it. The Reading, which I have substituted, I owe to the Friendship of the ingenious *Nicholas Hardinge*, Esq. A *Moneyer*, is an Officer of the Mint, which makes Coin and delivers out the King's Money. *Moneyers* are also taken for Banquers, or those that make it their Trade to turn and return Money. Either of these Acceptations will admirably square with our Author's Context.

Gads.

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of Fern-feed, we walk invifible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-feed, for your walking invifible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou fhalt have a fhare in our purchafe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falfe thief.

Gads. Go to,—*Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the oftler bring my gelding out of the ftable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to the Highway.*

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. COME, shelter, shelter ; I have removed *Falstaff's* horfe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand clofe.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins, Poins,* and be hanged, *Poins !*

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat kidney'd rafcal, what a brawling doft thou keep ?

Fal. What, *Poins ! Hal !*——

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go feek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company : the rafcal hath remov'd my horfe, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the fquare farther afoot, I fhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rafcal have not given me medicines to make me love him,

him, I'll be hang'd ; it could not be else ; I have drunk medicines. *Poins!* *Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph!* *Peto!* I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles a foot with me : and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew !——a plague upon you all. Give me my horse ; you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down ? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus ?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue ! shall I be your ostler ?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters ; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this ; an I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison ; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too ! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gad. Stand,——

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our Setter, I know his voice :

Bardolph, what news ?

Bard. Case ye, case ye ; on with your visors ; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal.

Fal. You lye, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they escape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch*.

Fal. Indeed, I am not *John of Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close?

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand, ———

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains' throats; ah! whoreson caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them: *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men : now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Prin. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day ; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains !

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse ; The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good *Ned*. Now *Falstaff* sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along : Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd ! *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, *Lord Percy's House.*

Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a Letter.

BUT for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented to be there ; why is he not then ? in respect of the love he bears our House ! he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves

loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsured, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow-cowardly hind, and you lye. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?

Why

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
 Of fallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange-motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste, O, what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand,
 And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my Throne.

Well, I will back him strait. O *Esperance*!

Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord?

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! a weazel hath not
 Such a deal of spleen as you are tost with——

In faith, I'll know your business, that I will.

I fear,

I fear, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize : but if you go —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you *Paraquito* answer me
Directly to this question, I shall ask.

I'll break thy little Finger, *Harry*,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler :—love ! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate* ; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with hips.
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them currant too———gods me ! my horse.
What say'st thou, *Kate* ? what wouldst thou have with me ?

Lady. Do ye not love me ? do you not, indeed ?
Well, do not then. For, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no ?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear,
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go ; nor reason, where about.
Whither I must, I must, and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise ; but yet no further wise
Than *Harry Percy's* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman ; and for secrecy,
No lady closer. For I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate* ?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to the Boar's-Head Tavern in East-cheap.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. **N**ED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christian names, as *Tom, Dick, and Francis*. They take it already upon their conscience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesy; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: (by the Lord, so they call me;) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off.——To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, sweet *Ned*,——(to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six-Pence*, and *You are welcome, Sir*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir; Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so.) But, *Ned*, to drive away the time till *Falstaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some bye-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

[*Poins retires.*]

Poins. *Francis,——*

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F

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. *Francis,*——

Enter Francis the drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pom-
granate, *Ralph.*

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. *Francis,*——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; by'r lady, a long lease for the
clinking of pewter. But, *Francis,* darest thou be so
valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and
shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books
in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. *Francis,*——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me see about Michaelmas next I shall
be——

Poins. *Francis,*——

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you, stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, *Francis,* for the sugar
thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound;
ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. *Francis,*——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis,* but to-mor-
row, *Francis,* or *Francis,* on Thursday; or, indeed,
Francis, when thou wilt. But, *Francis,*——

Fran. My Lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-
button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-
garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch.

Fran.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will fally. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. *Francis*,——

P. Henry. Away, you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a Calling? Look to the guests within. My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins*,——— [Exit *Vintner*.]

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the son of a Woman!—His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands

hands and says to his wife, "fy upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says, he, and answers, some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in *Falstaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen*! Give me a cup of sack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter? (9) pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward—Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten

(9) pitiful-hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun?] This absurd Reading possesses all the Copies in general; and tho' it has pass'd thro' such a Number of Impressions, is Nonsense, which we may pronounce to have arisen at first from the Inadvertence, either of Transcribers, or the Compositors at *Press*. 'Tis well known, *Titan* is one of the poetical Names of the Sun; but we have no Authority from Fable for *Titan*'s melting away at his own sweet Tale, as *Narcissus* did at the Reflection of his own sweet Form. The Poet's Meaning was certainly this: *Falstaff* enters in a great Heat, after having been robb'd by the *Prince* and *Poins* in Disguise: and the *Prince* seeing him in such a Sweat, makes the following Simile upon him: "Do but look upon that Compound of Grease;—— his Fat drips away with the Violence of his Motion, just as Butter does with the Heat of the Sun-beams darting fell upon it."

herring:

herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I say. I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, *Woolfack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's son? if I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese. I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward; answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that.

[He drinks.]

A plague of all cowards, still, say I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*.

I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not, what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell thee a lye, spit in my face, call me horse; thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to: these nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me: (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson obscene greasy tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason?

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, bull's pizzel, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,——

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again ; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparifons, hear me fpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack.*

P. Henry. We two faw you four fet on four, you bound them, and were mafters of their wealth : mark now, how a plain tale fhall put you down. Then did we two fet on you four, and with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can fhew it you here in the houfe. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ftill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a flave art thou to hack thy fword as thou haft done, and then fay it was in fight—What trick ? what device ? what ftarting hole, canft thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack* : what trick haft thou now ?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my mafters ; was it for me to kill the heir apparent ? Should I turn upon the true Prince : Why, thou knoweft, I am as valiant as *Hercules* ; but beware inftinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince : inftinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inftinct : I fhall think the better of myfelf, and thee, during my life ; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoftefs, clap too the doors ; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, fhall we be merry ? fhall we have a play *extempore* ?

P. Henry. Content :——and the argument fhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah !—no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveft me.

Enter Hoftefs.

Host. O Jefe ! my Lord the Prince !

P. Henry.

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you; he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, *Jack*.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, *Peto*; so did you, *Bardolph*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no, fy!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waste; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of fighting and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your father; you must go to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*,—and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a *Welsh*-hook: what a plague call you him——

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*; the same; and his son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular——

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well; that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow,—but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue-caps more. *Worcester* is stol'n away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Gambyes*' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech—Stand aside, nobility—

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my trustful Queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain—
Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: for though
the

the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my son; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heav'n prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st; for, *Harry*, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now, I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me?—If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal.

Fal. And here I stand ; judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, *Harry*, whence come you ?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearst thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me ; thou art violently carried away from grace ; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man : a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulding-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of drop-sies, that huge bombard of sack, that stufft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years ? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it ? wherein cunning, but in craft ? wherein crafty, but in villainy ? wherein villainous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

Fal. I would, your Grace would take me with you : whom means your Grace ?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witness it ; but that he is, (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ! if to be old and merry, be a sin, then many an old Host, that I know, is damn'd : if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins* ; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff* ;

Falstaff; banish not him thy *Harry's* company: banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will. [*Knocking*; and *Hostess* goes out.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good-night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exit.

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul's*:
go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaff*—fast asleep, behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: search
his pockets.

[He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.
What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 s. 2 d.

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, a half-penny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of
bread, to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is
else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there
let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning:
we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honour-
able.

able. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good-morrow,
Peto.

Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [Exeunt.



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Archdeacon of Bangor's*
House in WALES.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and
Owen Glendower.

M O R T I M E R.

TH E S E promises are fair, the parties sure,
 And our induction full of prosp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
 Will you sit down?

And, uncle Worcester——a plague upon it!
 I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is;
 Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hot-spur:
 For, by that name, as oft as Lancaster
 Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale; and with
 A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heav'n.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
 Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I blame him not: at my nativity,
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
 Of burning cressets; know, that, at my birth,
 The frame and the foundation of the earth
 Shook like a coward.

Hot.

Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. I say, the earth then was not of my mind ;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glen. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vext,
By the impris'ning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings : give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields :
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of *England, Wales, or Scotland,*
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better *Welsh*.
I'll to dinner——

Mort. Peace, cousin *Percy* ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man :
But, will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend.

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth ; *Tell truth and shame the devil.*——
If thou hast pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come !

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head
Against my pow'r ; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too !
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map : Shall we divide our rights,
According to our threefold order ta'en ?

Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally :

England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower* ; and, dear Coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn :

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business, that this night may execute)

To-morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,

And my good Lord of *Wor'ster*, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the *Scottish* power,

As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.

My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :

Within that space you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords :

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours :

See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up :

And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly :

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding th' opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-side win this cape of land,
And then he runs strait and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me *noy*?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court :
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *English* ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
A virtue, that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!—
Than one of these same meeter-ballad-mongers ;
I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,

Nothing

Nothing so much as mincing poetry;

'Tis li'l 'd gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. You shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Ho. I'll give thrice so much land

To a riving friend;

But in of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil a ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glen. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:

(I'll haste the writer) and withal,

Break with your wives of your departure hence:

I am afraid my daughter will run mad;

So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [Exit.

Mort. Fy, cousin *Percy*, how you cross my father?

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,

With telling of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;

And of a dragon, and a finless fish,

A clipt-wing griffin, and a moulting raven;

A couching lion, and a ramping cat;

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,

He held me the last night at least nine hours,

In reck'ning up the several devils' names,

That were his lackeys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious

As a tir'd horse, or as a railing wife:

Worse than a smoaky house. I'd rather live

With cheese and garlick, in a windmil, far;

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer-house in christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;

Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments; valiant as a lion;

And wond'rous affable; as bountiful

As mines of *India*: shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself, even of his natural scope,

When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.

I warrant

I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And, since your coming here, have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience :
You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault ;
Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you ;)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides.
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

Glen. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady speaks in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks ; that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pow'r'st down from those two swelling
 heavens,

I am too perfect in : and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine ;

And

And that's a feeling disputation :
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 'Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
 Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,
 All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing :
 By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
 And those musicians, that shall play to you
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
 Yet strait they shall be here ; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down :
 come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The musick plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands *Welsh*, and
 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous : by'r lady, he's a
 good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for
 you are altogether govern'd by humours : lie still, ye
 thief, and hear the lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Wouldst have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the *Welsh* lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace she sings.

[*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*

Come, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good sooth*; and, *as true as I live*; and, *as God shall mend me*; and, *as sure as day*: and givest such farcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'st further than *Finsbury*. Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady, as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *insooth*, And such protest of pepper-ginger-bread, To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-breast* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours: and so come in, when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow, As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn: we will but seal, And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Presence-chamber in Windsor.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

K. Henry. LORDS, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be near, For we shall presently have need of you.— [Exeunt Lords. I know not, whether God will have it so,

For

For some displeasing service I have done ;
 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
 He breeds revengement and a scourge for me ;
 But thou dost in thy passages of life
 Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
 To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I wish, I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
 Which oft the ear of Greatness needs must hear,
 By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers ;
 I may for some things true (wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supply'd ;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession ;

And

And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
But being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, this is he.
Others would say, where? which is *Bolingbroke*?
And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,
And dress'd myself in much humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shew'd like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but, as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; seen but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect

As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.
 And in that very line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation. Not an eye,
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tendernefs.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious Lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art at this hour was *Richard* then,
 When I from *France* set foot at *Ravenfburg*;
 And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my fcepter, and my foul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the State,
 Than thou, the shadow of fucceffion!
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harnefs in the realm,
 Turns head againft the lion's armed jaws;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient Lords and rev'rend Bifhops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruifing arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Againft renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incurfions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all foldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chrift.
 Thrice hath this *Hot-fpur Mars* in fwathing-cloaths,
 This infant-warrior, in his enterprifes,
 Difcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And fhake the peace and fafety of our throne.
 And what fay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 Th' Archbishop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, and *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate againft us, and are up.

But

But wherefore do I tell this news to thee ?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under *Percy's* pay ;
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so :
And heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head.
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scower my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
T'engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This in the name of heav'n I promise here :
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds ;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this !
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt* ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury* :

A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to day,
With him my son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster* ;
For this advertisement is five days old.
On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward :
On *Thursday*, we ourselves will march : our meeting
Is at *Bridgenorth* ; and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glo'stershire* : by which, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in
East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B**ardolph, am not I fall'n away vilely, since
this last action ? Do I not bate ? do I not
dwindle ? why, my skin hangs about me like an old
lady's loose gown : I am wither'd, like an old apple
John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I
am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and
then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have
not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of,
I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse ; the inside of a
church ! company, villainous company, hath been the
spoil of me.

Bard.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it ; come, sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry : I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough ; swore little ; diced not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour ; paid money, that I borrow'd, three or four times ; liv'd well, and in good compass ; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, *by this fire* ; but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gads-bill* in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think, thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light : thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern ; but the sack, that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, as the dearest chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would, my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket ?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John* ? do you think, I keep thieves in my house ? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lye, hostess ; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd ; go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I ? I defy thee ; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John* : you do not know me, Sir *John* ; I know you, Sir *John* ; you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an ell, you owe money here besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He ? alas ! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How ! poor ? look upon his face : what call you rich ? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks : I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd ? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu ! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How ? the Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup ; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Peto, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife: Falstaff meets them.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate*-fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so; and, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul mouth'd man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hof. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou, or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. Henry. Thou say's true, hostess, and he flanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal*? a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; dost thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbofs'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal.

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villainy? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then, you pickt my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready Breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd still. Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.]

Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court: for the robbery, lad, ——— how is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one, that can steal well? O, for a fine thief of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph*, ———

Bard. My Lord?

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord *John* of Lancaster, to my brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland*; go, *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o'clock in the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hostess, my breakfast, come:
Oh, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE changes to SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

H O T - S P U R .

WELL said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so gen'ral currant through the World.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defy
The tongues of soothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dowg. Thou art the King of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well——What letters hast thou there?——

Mess. These come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? who leads his Power;
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess.

Mess. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth :
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited ;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ? droop now ? this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness——
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn : nor thought he meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off :
And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast : to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. 'Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We now may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in :
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here :
 The quality and hair of our attempt
 Brooks no division : it will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
 And think, how such an apprehension
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause :
 For well you know, we of th' offending side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement :
 And stop all fight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
 This absence of your father draws a curtain,
 That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
 I rather of his absence make this use :
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the Earl were here : for men must think,
 If we without his help can make a head,
 To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvey down.
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dowg. As heart can think ; there is not such a word
 Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome, by my soul !

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
 The Earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong,
 Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaster*.

Hot. No harm ; what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
 The King himself in person hath set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: where is his son?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnisht, all in arms,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the sun at *Midsummer*;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young *Harry*, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish agues; let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a coarse.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worster*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his pow'r these fourteen days.

Dowg. That's the worst tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot.

Hot. Forty let it be ;
 My father and *Glendower* being both away,
 The pow'r of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily :
 Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a publick Road, near*
Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B** *Ardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry* ; fill me
 a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march
 through : we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it
 make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage.
 Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain ; farewel. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a
 sowc'd gurnet : I have mis-us'd the King's Press damna-
 bly. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty
 soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none
 but good householders, yeomen's sons ; enquire me out
 contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice
 on the banns : such a commodity of warm slaves, as
 had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum ; such as fear
 the report of a culverin, worse than a struck-fowl, or a
 hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and
 butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'
 heads, and they have bought out their services : and
 now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals,
 lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged
 as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the glutton's
 dogs licked his sores ; and such as indeed were never
 soldiers,

soldiers, but dis-carded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers; revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; (10) ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such skare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt, is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's

(10) ——— *ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old-fac'd Ancient.*] *Shakespeare* uses this Word so promiscuously, to signify an Ensign or Standard-bearer, and also the Colours or Standard borne, that I cannot be at a Certainty for his Allusion here. If the Text be genuine, I think, the Meaning must be; as dishonourably ragged as one that has been an Ensign all his days; that has let Age creep upon him, and never had Merit enough to gain Preferment. *Mr. Warburton*, who understands it in the second Construction, has suspected the Text, and given the following ingenious Emendation. ——— “How is an old-fac'd *Ancient*, or *Ensign*, dishonourably ragged? On the contrary, Nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged Pair of *Colours*. A very little Alteration will restore it to its original Sense, which contains a Touch of the strongest and most fine-turn'd Satire in the World;

Ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old Feast Ancient:

“i. e. the *Colours* used by the City-Companies in their Feasts and
“Processions. For each Company had one with its peculiar Device, which was usually displayed and borne about on such Occasions. Now nothing could be more witty or satirical than this
“Comparison. For as *Falstaff's* Raggamuffins were reduced to their tatter'd Condition thro' their riotous Excesses; so this old Feast
“Ancient became torn and shattered, not in any manly Exercise of
“Arms, but amidst the Revels of drunken Bacchanals.”

coat

coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stoll'n from my Host of St. *Albans* ; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Dai'ntry*. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack* ? how now, quilt ?

Fal. What, *Hal* ? How now, mad wag, what a devil dost thou in *Warwickshire* ? My good Lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy ; I thought, your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all ; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a Cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to steal cream indeed ; for thy theft hath already made thee butter ; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after ?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tofs : food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit, as well as better ; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that ; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd ?

West. He is, Sir *John* : I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to Shrewsbury.*

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. **W**E'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. He is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dowg. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas*: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Dowg. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of such great Leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horse
Of my cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up;
Your uncle *Wor'ster's* horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt* : and 'would to God,
You were of our determination ;
Some of us love you well ; and ev'n those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality ;
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit, and true rules
You stand against anointed Majesty !
But, to my Charge—The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs : and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest :
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind : and well we know, the King
Knows, at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears :
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore :
And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal ;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now,

Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realm
Perceiv'd, *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They, more and less, came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at *Ravensturg* :
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth ;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his Country's wrongs ; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for :
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the Fav'rites that the absent King
In Deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the *Irish* war.

Blun. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point———

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that depriv'd him of his life :
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole State,
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman *March*,
(Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King) to be encag'd in *Wales*,
There without ransom to lie forfeited :
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the Council-board,
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court,
Broak oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety ; and withal to pry
Into his Title too, the which we find

Too

Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw awhile:

Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again;

And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love!

Hot. It may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heav'n, you do!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. **H**IE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed brief

With winged haste to the Lord Marshal;

This to my cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest

To whom they are directed: if you knew

How much they do import, you wou'd make haste.

Sir Mich. My Lord, I guess their tenour.

York. Like enough.

To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,

Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men

Must 'bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,

As I am truly giv'n to understand,

The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,

Meets with Lord *Harry*; and, I fear, Sir *Michell*,

What with the sickness of *Northumberland*,

Whose pow'r was in the first proportion;

And what with *Owen Glendower's* absence thence,

Who with them was a rated finew too,

And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;

I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,

To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, there's *Douglas*, and

Lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,

And there's my Lord of *Worster*, and a head

Of

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is : but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together :
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt* ;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less : yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed ;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his Power, he means to visit us ;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

SCENE, *the Camp at Shrewsbury.*

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John
of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter
Blunt, and Falstaff.*

K. H E N R Y.

HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The Trumpet sounds.*
Enter

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of *Wor'ster*? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
'To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it, Sir? how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. (11)

(11) *Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. —

Prince. Peace, Chevet, peace.] This, I take to be an arbitrary Refinement of Mr. Pope's: nor can I easily agree, that *Chevet* is *Shakespeare's* Word here. Why should Prince Henry call *Falstaff* Bolster, for interposing in the Discourse betwixt the King and *Worcester*? With Submission, he does not take him up here for his unreasonable size, but for his ill-tim'd unseasonable Chattering. I therefore have preferr'd the Reading of the old Books. A *Chevet*, or *Chuet* is a noisy chattering Bird, a *Pie*. This carries a proper Reproach to *Falstaff* for his meddling and impertinent Jest. And besides, if the Poet had intended that the Prince should flatter at *Falstaff*, on Account of his Corpulency, I doubt not, but he would have call'd him *Bolster* in plain *English*, and not have wrapp'd up the Abuse in the *French* Word *Chevet*. In another Passage of this Play, the Prince honestly calls him *Quilt*? As to Prince Henry, his Stock in this Language was so small, that when he comes to be King, he hammers but one small Sentence of it to Princess *Catharine*, and tells her, *It is as easy for him to conquer the Kingdom as to speak so much more French.*

P. Hen.

P. *Henry*. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you, my staff of office I did break
In *Richard's* time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
(And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,)
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right;
The seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this we swore our aid: but in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the Injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming suff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand oppos'd by such means

As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage,^d dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation. —

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percy*: By my hopes,
(This present enterprize set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to Chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
We love our People well; even those we love,
That are mis-led upon your Cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,

Both

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your Cousin, and return me word
 What he will do. But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply;
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exit Worcester, with Vernon.]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
 The *Douglas* and the *Hot-spur* both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge.
 For on their answer we will set on them.
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [Exeunt.]

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship: Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heav'n a death. [Exit.]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? Air; a trim Reckoning.—who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a meer 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to Percy's Camp.**Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.*

Wor. **O** No, my nephew must not know, *Sir Richard,*
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like a fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know,
In any case the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Dow. Defy him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dow. Marry, I shall; and very willingly. [*Exit Dow.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry's* teeth:
And *Westmorland*, that was ingag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare,
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
By still dispraising praise, valued with you.
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause; But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured

Upon his follies; never did I hear
 Of any Prince, so wild, at liberty.
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
 Arm, arm with speed. And fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
 If die; brave death, when Princes die with us!
 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking: only this,
 Let each man do his best. And here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal,
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now, *Esperanza!* *Percy!* and set on:
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war;
 And by that musick let us all embrace:
 For (heav'n to earth) some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound.]

The King entereth with his Power; Alarm to the battle.

Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battle cross'st me?
 What

What honour dost thou seek upon my head?

Dowg. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dowg. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* death.

Fight, Blunt is slain: then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dowg. Ali'sdone, all'swon, here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dowg. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no: I know his face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dowg. Ah! fool, go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dowg. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at *London*, I fear
the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate.
Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's honour
for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulted lead,
and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out of me, I need,
no more weight than mine own bowels! I have led my
rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd: there's not

three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword ;
Many a noble man lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies ;
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee : I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my sword : but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me : what, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ?

[Throws it at him, and Exit.]

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him ; if he do come in my way, so ; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath : give me life, which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *[Exit.]*

Alarm, Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thyself, thou bleedest too much : Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beseech your Majesty make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so :

My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West.

West. Come, my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord ! I do not need your help ;
And heav'n forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

Lan. We breathe too long ; come, cousin *Westmorland*,
Our duty this way lies ; for heav'n's sake, come.

P. Henry. By heav'n, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John* ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. Enter Dowglas.

Dowg. Another King ? they grow, like *Hydra's* heads :
I am the *Dowglas*, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a King ?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves
at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thyself about the field ;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee : so defend thyself.

Dowg. I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a King :
But mine, I'm sure, thou art, whoever thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight : the King being in danger.*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again : the Spirits

Of *Sherley, Stafford, Blunt*, are in arms ;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promifeth, but means to pay.

[*They fight, Dowglas flieth.*

Chearly, my Lord ; how fares your Grace ?

Sir *Nicholas Gawfey* hath for succour fent,
And fo hath *Clifton* : I'll to *Clifton* ftrait.

K. *Henry*. Stay, and breathe a while ;
Thou haft redeem'd my loft opinion,
And fhew'd, thou mak'ft fome tender of my life,
In this fair refcue thou haft brought to me.

P. *Henry*. O heav'n ! they did me too much injury,
That ever faid, I hearken'd for your death.

If it were fo, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And fav'd the treach'rous labour of your fon.

K. *Henry*. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas*
Gawfey. [Exit.

Enter Hot-fpur.

Hot. If I miftake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

P. *Henry*. Thou fpeak'ft as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

P. *Henry*. Then I fee

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of *Wales* : and think not, *Percy*,
To fhare with me in glory any more :

Two ftars keep not their motion in one fphere ;
Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor fhall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us ; and 'would to heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. *Henry*. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee ;
And all the budding honours on thy creft
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.

Enter

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.

Hot. O, *Harry*, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh :
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my tongue ; no, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for——— [Dies.

P. Henry. Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well !
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough ! this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n ;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [He sees Falstaff.
—What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? poor *Jack*, farewell !
I could have better spar'd a better man.
Oh, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray :

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

[*Exit.*

Falstaff rises.

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lye, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear, I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, firrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes Hot-spur on his back.*

Enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Hen. Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou sleight Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee, speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: there is *Percy*, if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giv'n to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: if I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*. Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lye may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpets found retreat, the day is ours: Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field, To see what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! if I do grow great, I'll grow less: for I'll purge, and leave sack; and live cleanly, as a noble man should do. [*Exit.*

The Trumpets sound: Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited *Wor'ster*, did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three Knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble Earl, and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour, If like a christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to; And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too.

Other

Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant *Scot*, Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The *Dowglas* is, and, I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our power.
You son *John*, and my cousin *Westmerland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
Myself and you, son *Harry*, will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]





H. Gravelot del. Vol. 4. P. 181.

G. V. de Gucht Scul.



The SECOND PART of
HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE
CORONATION

OF
King HENRY V.





P R O L O G U E.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.

O P E N your ears : for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour* speaks ?
I from the Orient, to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual flanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce ;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but *Rumour*, who but only, I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swell'n with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
And, of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household ? Why is *Rumour* here ?
I run before King *Harry's* victory ;
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-spur* and his troops ;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first ? my office is
To noise abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* sword ;
And that the King before the *Dowglas'* rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.

This

PROLOGUE.

'This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this worm-eaten Hold of ragged stone; (1)
Where *Hot-spur's* father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty sick. The posts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour's* tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs. [Exit.

(1) *And this worm-eaten Hole of ragged Stone,*] *Northumberland* had retired and fortified himself in his Castle, a place of strength in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and therefore, I believe, our Poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten Hold of ragged Stone.



Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John of Lancaster,
Humphry of Gloucester,
Thomas of Clarence. } *Sons to Henry the Fourth,*
and Brethren to Henry the Fifth.

Northumberland,
The Archbishop of York,
Mowbray,
Hastings,
Lord Bardolph, } *Opposites against King Henry*
Travers, } *the Fourth.*
Morton,
Colevile,
Warwick,
Westmorland,
Surrey,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Justice,

} *of the King's Party.*

Falstaff,
Poins,
Bardolph,
Pistol, } *Irregular Humorists.*
Peto,
Page,

Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.

Phang and Snare, two Serjeants.

Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bulcalf, } *Country Soldiers.*

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.



(2) The SECOND PART of
H E N R Y IV.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Lord Bardolph; the Porter at the door.

BARDOLPH.

HO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the
Earl?

W Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

(2) *The 2d Part of Henry IV.*] The Transactions comprized in
this History take up about nine Years. The Action commences
with the Account of *Hot-spur's* being defeated and kill'd; and
closes with the Death of K. *Henry IV.* and the Coronation of
K. *Henry V.*

North.

North. What news, Lord *Bardolph*? ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild: Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury*.

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my Lord your son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright, and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*: young Prince *John*,
And *Westmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field,
And *Harry Monmouth's* brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since *Cæsar's* fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bard. I spake with one, my Lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On *Tuesday* last to listen after news.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to *Chester*; and of him
I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury*.

He

He told me, that Rebellion had ill luck ;
 And that young *Harry Percy's* Spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha ? again :

Said he, young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold ?
 Rebellion had ill luck ?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you ;
 If my young Lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine Honour, for a filken point
 I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
 Give then such instances of loss ?

Bard. Who he ?
 He was some hilding fellow, that had stoll'n
 The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
 Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretels the nature of a tragick volume :
 So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, *Morton*, didst thou come from *Shrewsbury* ?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble Lord,
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
 Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
 Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd :

But

But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue;
 And I my *Percy's* death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou wouldst say: your son did thus, and thus:
 Your brother, thus: so fought the noble *Dowglas*:
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with brother, son, and all are dead!

Mort. *Dowglas* is living, and your brother, yet;
 But for my Lord your son——

North. Why, he is dead,
 See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
 He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, speak:
 Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be by me gainsaid:
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, say not, that *Percy's* dead.
 I see a strange confession in thine eye:
 Thou shak'st thy head, and holdst it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive,
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office: and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
 Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I'm sorry, I should force you to believe
 That, which, I would to heav'n, I had not seen.
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state.
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out breath'd,
 To *Henry Monmouth*; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
 From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.

In

In few; his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Ev'n to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing, that's heavy in its self,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-spur's* loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter tow'rd their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ster*
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglas*, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath sent out
A speedy Pow'r to encounter you, my Lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*
And *Westmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under my life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch,
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit,
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach

The

The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring (3)
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*!

Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,

And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a ling'ring act:

But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*

Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,

And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong, my Lord!

Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices

Lean on your health: the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

You cast th' event of war, my noble Lord,

And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,

Let us make head: it was your presumise,

That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:

You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge

More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:

You were advis'd, his flesh was capable

Of wounds and scars: and that his forward spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:

Yet did you say, Go forth. And none of this,

Though strongly apprehended, could restrain

The stiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n

Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,

More than that Being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,

Knew, that we ventur'd on such dang'rous seas,

(3) *The ragged'st Hour that Time and Spight dare bring*

To frown, &c.] I know very well, our Author frequently uses this Epithet, when he speaks either of sharp o'er-hanging Rocks, ruin'd Fortifications, &c. but there is no Consonance of Metaphors here betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any Dignity in the Image. On both Accounts, therefore, I suspect, our Author wrote, as I have reformed the Text, *The rugged'st Hour, &c.*

That

That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one :
 And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
 Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
 And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time ; and my most noble Lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth :
 The gentle Arch-bishop of *York* is up
 With well-appointed powers : he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My Lord, your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness ; constrain'd,
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side : but for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now, the Bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion ;
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind :
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones ;
 Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land
 Gasping for life, under great *Bolingbroke* :
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before : but to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me, and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge :
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;
 Never so few, nor never yet more need. [Exeunt.



S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to a Street in London.*

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you, giant! what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water itself was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded-clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot till now: but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel: The *Juvenal*, the Prince your master! whose chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not a hair amiss yet; he may keep it still as a face royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon*, about the fatten for my short cloak and fops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph*: he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his tongue

tongue be hotter! a whoreson *Achitophel*, a rascally year-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security*! the whoreson-smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon *security*: I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true Knight, and he sends me *Security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph*?

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Paul's*, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. *Falstaff*, an't please your Lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath since done good service at *Shrewsbury*: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

Ch. Just. What to *York*? call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falstaff*,——

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*——

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King

lack Subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg, than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knight-hood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your knight-hood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that, which grows to me? if thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my Lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! God give your Lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad; I heard say, your Lordship was sick. I hope, your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*,——

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I hear, his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you;——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your Lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling,

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it, as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into that disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

(4) *Fal.* Very well, my Lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not list'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord, but not so patient: your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Counsel learned in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in lefs.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would, my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

(4) *Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well:]* In the oldest *Quarto* Edition, which I have of this Play, (printed, in 1600) this Speech stands thus;

Old. *Very well, my Lord, very well:*

I had not observed this, when I wrote my Note, to the First *Henry IV.* concerning the Tradition of *Falstaff's* Character having been first called *Oldcastle*. This almost amounts to a self-evident Proof, of the Thing being so: and that the Play being printed from the Stage-Manuscript, *Oldcastle* had been all along altered into *Falstaff*, except in this single Place by an Oversight: of which the Printers, not being aware, continued these initial Traces of the Original Name. See the third Note to First *Henry IV.*

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mis-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I'm loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-bill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My Lord——

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my Lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.——

Ch. Just. (5) You follow the young Prince up and down like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord, your angel is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go;——I cannot tell; Virtue is of so little regard in these cofter-mongers' days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts

(5) *You follow the young Prince up and down like his evil Angel.*] What a precious Collator has Mr. Pope approved himself in this Passage! Besides, if this were the true Reading, *Falstaff* could not have made the witty and humorous Evasion he has done in his Reply. I have restored the Reading of the oldest *Quarto*. The Lord Chief Justice calls *Falstaff* the Prince's *ill Angel* or Genius: which *Falstaff* turns off by saying, an *ill Angel*, meaning the Coin called an *Angel* is *light*; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants *Weight*: *ergo*,——the Inference is obvious. Now Money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with Regard to its being under Weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiously call restoring *lost Puns*: But if the Author wrote a *Pun*, and it happens to be *lost* in an Editor's Indolence, I shall, in spite of his Grimace, venture at bringing it back to Light.

appertinent

appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a goose-berry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers, with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the va-ward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? fy, fy, fy, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it; and the young Lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear, you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the Archbishop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it; but look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but a bottle, would I might never spit white

again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.—'but it was always yet the trick of our *English* Nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest: I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heav'n blefs your expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin *Westmorland*. [Exit.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and litchery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy,——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mrs *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: a good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to the Archbishop of York's Palace.*

Enter Archbishop of York; Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal) and Lord Bardolph.

York. **T**HUS have you heard our cause, and know
our means:

Now, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King?

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord *Hastings*, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without *Northumberland*?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theam so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise,
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, Lord *Bardolph*; for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-spur's* case at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air, on promise of supply;
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,

Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at least, desist
To build at all? much more, in this great work,
(Which is almost to pluck a Kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite: or else,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his pow'r to build it: who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born; and that we now possess
The utmost man of expectation:
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, Lord *Bardolph*.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,

Are

Are in three heads; one Pow'r against the *French*,
 And one against *Glendower*; perforce, a third
 Must take up us: so is the unfirm King
 In three divided; and his coffers found
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his sev'ral strengths together,
 And come against us in full puissance,
 Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
 He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welsh*
 Baying him at the heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

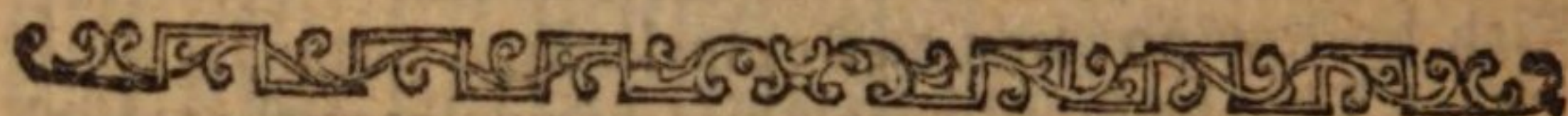
Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster*, and *Westmorland*:
 Against the *Welsh*, himself and *Harry Monmouth*:
 But who is substituted 'gainst the *French*,
 I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on;
 And publish the occasion of our arms.
 The Commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
 Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.
 An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many! with what loud applause
 Did'st thou beat heav'n with blessing *Bolingbroke*,
 Before he was, what thou wouldst have him be?
 And now, being trimm'd up in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal *Richard*,
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
 They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud *London* he came fighting on
 After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
 Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that King again,
 And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurst!
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Host. We are time's subjects, and time bids, be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

SCENE, *a Street in LONDON.*

Enter Hostess, with two Officers, Phang and Snare.

H O S T E S S.

MR. *Phang*, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman? is he a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Host. O Lord, ay, good Mr. *Snare*?

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. *Snare*, we must arrest Sir *John Falstaff*.

Host. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives: for he will stab.

Host. Alas-the-day! take heed of him; he stab'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly; he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for this thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither;——I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good, Mr. *Phang*, hold him sure; good, Mr. *Snare*, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, saving your manhoods,

to

to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-street* to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman*. I pray ye, since my action is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought into his answer. (6) A hundred mark is a long lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing unless a woman should be made an Ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Phang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph*: cut me off the villains head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hof. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the Kings? O thou honey-feed rogue! thou art a honey-feed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

(6) *A hundred Mark is a long one,*] A long one? A long What? a long Mark? For that's the only antecedent Substantive it has to agree with: and common Sense won't admit of its being coupled to that. It is almost needless to observe, how familiar it is with our Poet to play the Chimes upon Words similar in Sound, and differing in Signification: and therefore I make no Question but he wrote,

A hundred Marks is a long Lone for a poor lone Woman to bear: i. e. 100 Marks is a good round Sum for a poor Widow to venture on Trust. According to the old way of writing, the Word was spelt, more generally, *Lone*, than, *Loan*, as it is now.

Fal.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Phang. A rescue, a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-feed!

Fal. Away, you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian: I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter Chief Justice attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hof. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir *John*? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to *York*.

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Hof. O my most worshipful Lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of *East-cheap*, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Hof. It is more than for some, my Lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? fy, what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? are you not asham'd to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hof. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my *Dolphin-chamber*, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on *Wednesday* in *Whit-*
sun-

sun-week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? did not good wife *Ketch*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns: whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound: and didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her; but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know, you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman. —

Hos. Yes, in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: If a man will court'fy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither hostess. [*Aside.*

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Just. Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The King, my Lord, and *Henry Prince of Wales* Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman——

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty flight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the *German* Hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries: let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know, thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, Sir, *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still——

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her: hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tear-Sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess and Serjeant.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gower. At *Basingstoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the news, my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse
Are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaster*,
Against *Northumberland* and the Arch-bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord,——

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good Lord here,
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being
you are to take soldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master *Gower*?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a
fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing
grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great
fool!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E continues in L O N D O N.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. T R U S T me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought,
weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my Greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins.

Poins. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast? (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use: but that the tennis court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low Countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows, whether those, that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his Kingdom: But the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you shall talk so idly? tell me, how many good young Princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours at this time is.

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit, I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the Devil's book, as thou and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and
keeping

keeping such vile company, as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have seemed so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaff*.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave *Falstaff*; he had him from me christian, and, see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*.

(7) *Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass, and bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

(7) *Poins.* Come, you virtuous ass, &c.] Tho' all the Editions concur in giving this Speech to *Poins*, it seems evident to me, by the Page's immediate Reply, that it must be placed to *Bardolph*. For *Bardolph* had called to the Boy from an Ale-house, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk; and, the Boy being ashamed of it, 'tis natural for *Bardolph*, a bold unbred Fellow, to banter him on his awkward Bashfulness. I have therefore placed it to him,

Page.

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last, I spy'd his eyes, and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally *Althea's* dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, *Althea* dream'd, she was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect; — and how doth the *Martlemas*, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wein to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight, —* Every man must know that, as often as he hath occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say, *there is some of the King's blood spilt.* How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: (8) the answer

(8) *The answer is as ready as a borrow'd Cap.*] But how is a borrow'd Cap so ready? Read, a *Borrower's* Cap: and then there is some Humour in it. For a Man, that goes to borrow Money, is of all others the most complaisant: His Cap is always at hand.

Mr. Warburton.

is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor cousin, Sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the letter: — Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, Greeting.

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

I will immitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poins. Sure, he means brevity in breath; short-winded.

P. Henry. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no; which is as much as to say, as thou usest him. Jack Falstaff with my familiars: John with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe.*

Poins. My Lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister.

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! But I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us: is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. *Ephesians*, my Lord, of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Doll Tear-Sheet*.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page.

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we steal upon them, *Ned*, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: go. This *Doll Tear-Sheet* should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between *St. Albans* and *London*.

P. Henry. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P. Henry. From a God to a Bull? a heavy declension. It was *Jove's* case. From a Prince to a prentice? a low transformation; that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. **I** Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heav'n's sake, go not to these wars.
The times was, father, that you broke your word,
When

When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
 When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
 Threw many a northward look, to see his father
 Bring up his pow'rs : but he did look in vain ! (9)
 Who then perswaded you to stay at home ?
 There were two honours lost ; yours and your son's.
 For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it !
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the grey vault of heav'n : and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of *England* move
 To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass,
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait :
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant :
 For those, that could speak low and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him, wondrous him !
 O miracle of men ! him did you leave
 (Second to none, unseconded by you ;)
 To look upon the hideous God of war
 In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur's* name
 Did seem defensible : so you left him.
 Never, O, never do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him. Let them alone :
 The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.

(9) *But he did long in vain !*] Nothing of *longing* has been
 expressed before, which makes me suspect this reading. *Shake-*
speare, and most of the Writers of his Time, loved a Repetition
 of the same Word : and, as it is immediately before said, that
Percy threw many a Northward *Look*, I am perswaded the Poet
 wrote ;

~~but he did look in vain !~~
to long. however.

Had

Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, (hanging on *Hot-spur's* neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-fights.
But I must go and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. Fly to *Scotland*,
Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But for all our loves,
First, let them try themselves. So did your son:
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow:
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in
East-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. WHAT the devil hast thou brought there?
Apple-Johns? thou know'st, Sir *John*
cannot endure an Apple-John.

2 Draw. Mass! thou sayest true; the Prince once set
a dish of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there
were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat,
said,

saïd, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou can'st find out *Sneak's* noise; Mrs. *Tear-sheet* would fain hear some musick. Dispatch! the room where they sup't is too hot, they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Master *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* must not know of it. *Bar-dolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out *Sneak*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but, i'faith, you have drank too much canarys, and that's a marvellous searcking wine: and it perfumes the blood, ere we can say what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.——

Host. Why, that was well saïd: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in Court—empty the jourden, ———and was a worthy King: how now, Mrs. *Dol*.

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mrs. *Dol*.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the

the diseases, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor Virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls and owches: for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely——

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's consermities. What the good-ger? one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

[To *Dol*.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bordeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack*: thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient *Pistol* is below and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in *England*.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I must live amongst my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hostess?——

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir *John*; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear——it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me; your Ancient

cient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master *Tisick* the deputy the other day ; and, as he said to me——it was no longer ago than *Wednesday* last——neighbour *Quickly*, says he ;——master *Domb* our minister was by then ;——neighbour *Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil ; for, faith he, you are in an ill name : (now he said so, I can tell whereupon ;) for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed, what guests you receive : receive, says he, no swagging companions.——There come none here. You would blest you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, Hostess ; a tame cheater, i'faith : you may stroak him as gently as a puppey-greyhound : he will not swagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater ; but I do not love swagging, by my troth ; I am the worse, when one says, swagger : feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do hostess.

Host. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is Pistol-proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets : I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mrs. *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what? your poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I'm meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the sawcy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, *Pistol*; I wou'd not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, *Pistol*.

Host. No, good captain *Pistol*: not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? if captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I: down! down, dogs; down, fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Host. Good captain *Peezel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horses

And

And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Asia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæsars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: (10) have we not *Hiren* here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jer? do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me some sack. *Si fortuna me tormento, sperato me contente.*

Fear we broad sides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweet-heart, lie thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are *Et cætera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

(10) *Have we not Hiren here?*

Host. O' my Word, Captain, there's none such here.] i. e. Shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible Sword by my Side? For, as King *Arthur's* Swords were call'd *Calliburne* and *Ron*; as *Edward the Confessor's*, *Curtana*: as *Charlemagne's*, *Joyeuse*; *Orlando's*, *Durindana*; *Rinaldo's*, *Fusberta*; and *Rogero's*, *Balisarda*; so *Pistol*, in Imitation of these Heroes, calls his Sword *Hiren*. I have been told, *Amadis du Gaul* had a Sword of this Name. It seems to belong to some *Spanish* Romance, and we may, perhaps, gather the Reason of the Name from that Language. *LA CRUSCA* explains *bierindo*, (the Gerund from *birir*, to strike;) *en frappant*, *battendo*, *perco-tendo*: From hence it seems probable that *Hiren* may be deriv'd; and so signify a *swashing*, *cutting* Sword--- But what wonderful Humour is there in the good Hostess so innocently mistaking *Pistol's* Drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a Whore in the House, and therefore telling him, *On my Word, Captain, there's none such here; what the good-jer! do you think, I would deny her?*

Pist. (11) Sweet knight, I kifs thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs, I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs? know we not gallo-way nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What shall we have incision! shall we embrew? then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days: why, then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds untwine the sisters three: come, *Atropos*, I say. [*Drawing his sword.*

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So;

(11) *Sweet Knight, I kifs thy Neif.*] i. e. I kifs thy Fift. Mr. *Pope* will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a Woman-Slave that is born in one's house: and that *Pistol* would kifs *Falstaff's* domestick Mistress *Dol Tearsheet*. But I appeal to every one that shall but read the Scene over, whether this could possibly be the Poet's Meaning. There is a perfect Fray betwixt *Dol* and *Pistol*; she calls him an hundred the worst Names she can think of: He threatens to murder her ruff, and says, he could tear her. *Bardolph* would have him be gone; but he says, he'll see her damn'd first: and *Dol*, on the other hand, wants him to be thrust down stairs, and says, she cannot endure such a Fustian Rascal. I should very little expect, that these Parties, in such a Ferment, should come to kissing. And I am persuaded, *Shakespeare* thought of no Reconciliation: For the Brawl is kept on, 'till it rises to drawing Swords; and *Pistol*, among them, is hustled down Stairs. I cannot think, any more is intended by the Poet than this: that *Falstaff*, weary of *Pistol's* wrangling, tells him, he would be quiet: and that *Pistol*, who had no Quarrel with Sir *John*, but a sort of Dependance on him, speaks the Knight fair, and tells him, that he kisses his Fift.

murder,

murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the rascal is gone: ah, you whoreson, little valiant villain, you!

Hof. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me! —

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? come, let me wipe thy face — come on, you whoreson chops—ah, rogue! I love thee, — thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agammon*; and ten times better than the nine Worthies: a villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play, play, Sirs; Sit on my knee,

Dol. A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church: thou whoreson little tydy *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, *Poins* has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! — his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no hate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the scales between the *Averduois*.

P. Henry. Would not this Nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his where.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kifs me, *Dol.*

P. Henry. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. By my troth, I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: prove, that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, *Francis.*

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the Kings! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London*.—Now heav'n bless that sweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whoreson-mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Dol.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whorson candle-myne, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. Blessing on your good heart, and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*; you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuse.

P. Henry. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, *Ned*, in the world; honest *Ned*, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject,

and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No, abuse, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardise doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine Hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer's* privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms; for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women, ———

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls: for the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman, ———

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His Grace says that, which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis*.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. *Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Westminster*, And there are twenty weak and wearied Posts, Come from the North; and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaff*.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the South
Born with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unharmed heads.

Give me my sword, and cloak: *Falstaff*, good-night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,
and we must hence, and leave it unpick't. More knock-
ing at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently: a
dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, Sirrah: farewell, Hostess;
farewel, *Dol*. You see, my good wenches, how men
of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep,
when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good
wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you
again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to
burst——well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these
twenty-nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest
and truer-hearted man——well, fare thee well.

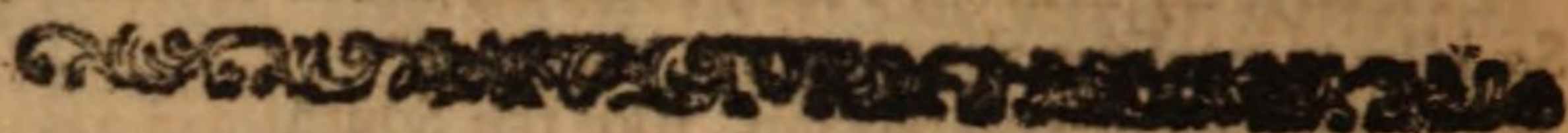
Bard. Mrs. *Tear-Sheet*,——

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tear-Sheet* come to my master.

Host. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*Exeunt.*]





A C T III.

SCENE, *the Palace in LONDON.**Enter King Henry in his Night-gown, with a Page.*

K. H E N R Y.

G O, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*;
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters.
 And well consider of them : make good speed.

[Exit Page]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case, or a common larum bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
 In cradle of the rude imperious Surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry shrouds,
 That, with the hurley, death itself awakes ?
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose

To

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ?
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a King ? then, happy low ! lie down ;
 Uneasy lies the head, that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majesty !

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, Lords ?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. (12) Why, then, good-morrow to you.
 Well, my Lords,
 Have you read o'er the letters I sent you ?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
 How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd,
 Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
 With good advice and little medicine ;
 My Lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. Oh heav'n, that one might read the book
 of fate,
 And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent,
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
 Into the sea ; and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for *Neptune's* hips : how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration

(12) *Why then good-morrow to you all, my Lords :*]

Have you read o'er, &c.] I must account for the Change
 I have ventured at here. In the preceding Page the King sends
 Letters to *Surrey* and *Warwick*, with Charge that they should read
 them and attend him. Accordingly here *Surrey* and *Warwick* come,
 and no body else, in Obedience to that Summons. The King
 would hardly have said *Good-morrow* to you all, to two Peers, and
 no more. My Emendation wants no further Support, than this
 naked stating of the Case.

With

With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth viewing his pogrers through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Wou'd shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone,
 Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great friends,
 Did feast together ; and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since,
 This *Percy* was the man nearest my soul ;
 Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot ;
 Yea, for my sake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by ?
 (You, cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember) [To War.
 When *Richard*, with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy.
 • *Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
 • My cousin *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne :'
 (Though then, heav'n knows, I had no such intent ;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and Greatness were compell'd to kiss :)
 • The time shall come, (thus did he follow it,)
 • The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 • Shall break into corruption :' so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
 And by the necessary form of this
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
The pow'rs, that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.*

Enter Shallow and Silence, Justices; with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf.

Shal. COME on, come on, come on; give me
your hand, Sir; an early stirrer, by the rood.
And how doth my good cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow?
and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar, he is at *Oxford* still,
is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I
was once of *Clement's-Inn*; where, I think, they will
talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too, There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squeele* a *Cot's-wold* man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff*, (now Sir *John*) a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, Cousin, that comes hither anon about foldiers.

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schoggan's* head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day I did fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a fruiterer, behind *Gray's-Inn*. O the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow, Cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure: Death (as the Psalmist saith) is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* fair?

Sil. Truly, Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! see, see, he drew a good bow: and dead? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clapt in the clowt at twelve score, and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

Enter

Enter Bardolph, and Page.

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falstaff's* men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Esquire of this country, one of the King's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you; my captain Sir *John Falstaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Pardon, Sir, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeed, too: better accommodated—it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phrases, surely, are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated—it comes of *accommodo*; very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? by this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your good hand, give me your Worship's good hand: trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card*, as I think,——

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my Cousin, *Silence*; in commission with me.

Fal.

Fal. Good master *Silence*, it well befits, you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fy, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir: will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*:—let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent, i'faith. Things, that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you shall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: stand aside: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*—Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold foldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's

ther's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed, but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serve for summer; prick him; for we have a number of shadows do fill up the muster-book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble*.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor; well said, courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Prick the woman's taylor well, master *Shallow*, deep, master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would, *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's taylor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bull-calf* of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see *Bull-calf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bull-calf*, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord captain,——

Fal. What, dost thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whoreson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his Coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master *Shallow*.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old; certain, she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's-Inn*.

Sil.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen! ——— hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-word was, hem, boys. — Come, let's to dinner; Oh, the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. Good master corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* Crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old Dame's sake stand my friend: she hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny, so: if it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith, I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: — I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bull-calf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Fal.

Fal. Mouldy, and *Bull-calf*: ——— for you, *Mouldy*, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not yourself wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master *Shallow*, how to chuse a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big semblance of a man? give me the spirit, master *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*; you see, what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy; the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's taylor, run off? O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: so, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement's-Inn*, (13) I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur's Show*; there was a little quiver fellow, and he would

(13) *I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's Show.*] The only Intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy Wight, Sir *Dagonet*, is from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight of the burning Pestle*.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill favouredly to have a Grocer's Prentice to court a King's Daughter.

Cit. Will it so, Sir? You are well read in Histories! I pray you, what was Sir *Dagonet*? Was not he Prentice to a Grocer in London? Read the Play of *The Four Prentices of London*, where they toss their Pikes so; &c.

manage

manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master *Shallow*, God keep you; farewell, master *Silence*. I will not use many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to-night. *Bardolph*, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

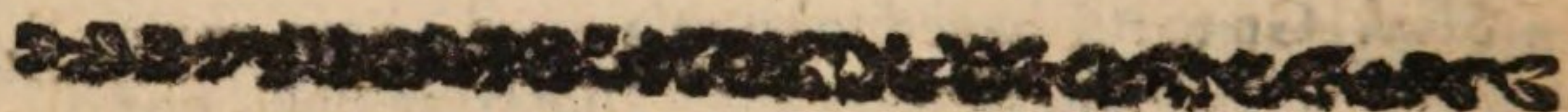
Fal. I would you would, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Shal. and Sil.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this Vice of lying! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-street*; and every third word a lye, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk's* tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's-Inn*, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked raddish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick fight were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet lecherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him *Mandrake*: he came ever in the rere-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht huf-wives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. (14) And now is this

(14) *And now is this Vice's Dagger.*] By *Vice* here the Poet means that drole Character in the old Plays, (which I have several

this Vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt* as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn, he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marshal's men. I saw it, and told *John of Gaunt* he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him, a Court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there's an end. [Exeunt.]



A C T IV.

SCENE, *changes to a Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Colevile.

Y O R K.

WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest.

York. Here stand, my Lords, and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd

several times mentioned in the course of these Notes,) equipped with Asses Ears and a Wooden Dagger. It is very satirical in *Falstaff* to compare *Shallow's* Activity and Impertinence to such a Machine as a wooden Dagger in the Hands and Management of a Buffoon.

New-

New-dated letters from *Northumberland*;
 Their cold intent, tenour and substance thus:
 Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
 As might hold fortance with his quality,
 The which he could not levy; whereupon
 He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
 To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty prayers,
 That your attempts may over-live the hazard
 And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
 And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
 In goodly form comes on the enemy:
 And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
 Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out,
 Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my Lord of *Westmorland*.

West. Health and fair greeting from our General,
 The Prince Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster*.

York. Say on, my Lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:
 What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my Lord,
 Unto your Grace do I in chief address
 The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
 Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
 Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
 And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
 I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You, reverend father, and these noble Lords,
 Had not been here to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection

With

With your fair honours. You, my Lord Arch-bishop,
 Whose See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The Dove and very blessed spirit of Peace;
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands,
 Briefly, to this end: we are all diseas'd,
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble Lord of *Westmorland*,
 I take not on me here as a physician:
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But rather shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
 And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer;
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see, which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are inforc'd from our most quiet there,
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person,
 Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The danger of the days but newly gone,

(Whose

(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd ?
Wherein have you been galled by the King ?
What Peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a seal divine, (15)
And consecrate commotion's civil page ?

York. My brother general, the Common-wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before ;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,

(15) *Of forg'd Rebellion with a seal divine ?*] In one of my old
Quarto's of 1600 (for I have two of the self-same Edition ; one of
which, 'tis evident, was corrected in some Passages during the work-
ing off the whole Impression;) after the Line above quoted I found
this Verse,

And consecrate Commotion's civil Edge.

I have thought the Verse worth preserving, and ventur'd to substi-
tute *Page* for *Edge*, with regard to the Uniformity of Metaphor.
Tho', I confess, the latter may very well do in this Sense : that
the Sword of Rebellion, drawn by a Bishop, may in some sort be
said to be consecrated by his Reverence : as the King, afterwards
talking of going to the Holy Wars, says,

We'll draw no Swords, but what are sanctified.

Or from the King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* ſeigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was, force-per-force, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.

West. You ſpeak, Lord *Mowbray*, now, you know
not what.

The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of *Coventry*;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King. (16)

(16) *And bleſs'd and grac'd more than the King himſelf.*] The
Two oldeſt Folio's (which firſt gave us this Speech of *Westmorland*)
read this Line thus;

And bleſs'd and grac'd and did more than the King.

Dr. *Thirlby* ſaw it was corrupted by the Tranſcribers, and gave me
that eaſy Cure, with which I have reform'd the Text, ſo very near
to the Traces of the corrupted Reading.

But

But this is mere digression from my purpose.——

Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience ; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies ;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well ; by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the General's name :
I muse, you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my Lord of *Westmorland*, this schedule ;
For this contains our general grievances ;
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are infixed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;
And present executions of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you Lords,

In fight of both our battles, we may meet ; (17)
 And either end in peace, (which heav'n so frame!)
 Or to the place of difference call the swords,
 Which must decide it.

York. My Lord, we will do so. [Exit West.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
 That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
 Upon such large terms and so absolute,
 As our conditions shall insist upon
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
 That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
 Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reason,
 Shall to the King taste of this action.
 That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
 That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
 And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my Lord, note this ; the King is weary
 Of dainty and such picking grievances :
 For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
 He cannot so precisely weed this land,
 As his misdoubts present occasion ;
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
 So that this Land, like an offensive wife,

(17) *In fight of both our Battles, we may meet*

At either end in Peace ; (which Heav'n so frame!)

Or to the Place of Difference, &c.] The Alteration which
 I have made here in the Pointing, and that easy, but certain,
 Change in the Text, I owe to the Direction of the ingenious
Dr. Tbirlby.

That

That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangless Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of *Westmorland*.

Enter Westmorland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then set
forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my Lord, we come.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my cousin *Mowbray*;
Good day to you, my gentle Lord Arch-bishop,
And so to you, Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,

In shadow of such greatness? With you, Lord Bishop,
 It is ev'n so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
 To us, the Speaker in his Parliament:
 To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n itself;
 The very opener, and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heav'n,
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the rev'rence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
 As a false favourite doth his Prince's name
 In deeds dishon'rabl? you've taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And both against the peace of heav'n and him
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my Lord of *Lancaster*,
 I am not here against your father's peace:
 But, as I told my Lord of *Westmorland*,
 The time mis-order'd doth in common sense
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the Court:
 Whereon this *Hydra*-son of war is born,
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 With grant of our most just and right desire;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of Majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt:
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
 And so success of mischief shall be born,
 And heir from heir shall hold his quarrel up,
 While *England* shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My Lord, these griefs shall be with speed redrest;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Pow'rs unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Coleville.]

York. To you, my noble Lord of *Westmorland*.

West. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle cousin *Mowbray*.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, Coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[Shouts.]

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they shout.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be discharged too. [Exit West.
And, good my Lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good Lord *Hastings*:
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [Exit Hastings.

Lan. I trust, Lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The Leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My Lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south: or like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord *Hastings*; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But for you, Rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heav'n, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarm. Excursions.*

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: so shall you still be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falstaff*?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who'e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir *John Falstaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmorland.

Lan. The heat is past, follow no farther now,
Call in the pow'rs, good cousin *Westmorland*. [*Exit West.*
Now, *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my Lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or

a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility. I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a most furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he saw me and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome* there, *Cæsar*,—I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile*?

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter Westmorland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his confederates
To *York*, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exit, with Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we tow'rd the Court, my Lords ;
I hear, the King, my father, is fore sick :
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,
Which, Cousin, you shall bear to comfort him :
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through *Glo'stershire* ; and when you come to Court,
'pray, stand, my good Lord, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falstaff* ; I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit ; 'twere better
than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young so-
ber-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot
make him laugh ; but that's no marvel, he drinks no
wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to
any proof ; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood,
and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind
of male green-sickness : and then, when they marry,
they get wenches. They are generally fools and cow-
ards ; which some of us should be too, but for inflam-
mation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation
in it ; it ascends me into the brain, dries me there all
the foolish, dull and crudy vapours which environ it ;
makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble,
fiery, and delectable shapes ; which deliver'd o'er to the
voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent
wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is,
the warming of the blood ; which before, cold and fet-
tled, left the liver white and pale ; which is the badge
of pusillanimity and cowardise ; but the Sherris warms
it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts
extreme ; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon,
gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man,
to arm ; and then the vital commoners and inland petty
spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart ; who
great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of
courage ;

courage ; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work ; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till Sack commences it, and sets it act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph* ?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go ; I'll through *Gloucestershire*, and there will I visit master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire ; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Palace at Westminster.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. **N**OW, Lords, if heav'n doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish :
Only we want a little personal strength :
And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. *Humphry*, my son of *Gloucester*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at *Windsor*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, *Thomas of Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas of Clarence*,
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of suggestion,
As, force-per-force, the age will pour it in :)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As *Aconitum*, or rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at *Windsor* with him, *Thomas*?

Cla.

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in *London*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest foil to weeds :
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-spread with them ; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.

The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings shall his affection fly
Tow'rd fronting peril and oppos'd decay ?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite :
The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue ; wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
Your Highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers ; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here ? *Westmorland* !

Enter Westmorland.

West. Health to my Sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that, which I am to deliver !
Prince *John*, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand :
Mowbray, the Bishop *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law ;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,

Here

Here at more leifure may your Highnefs read,
With every courfe, in his particular.

K. Henry. O *Westmorland*, thou art a fummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter fings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majesty :
And, when they ftand againft you, may they fall
As thofe that I am come to tell you of !
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolph*,
With a great pow'r of *Engliſh* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkſhire* overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make
me ſick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters ?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food ;
(Such are the poor, in health) or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach ; (ſuch the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.)
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill !

Glou. Comfort your Majesty !

Cla. Oh, my royal father !

West. My ſovereign Lord, chear up yourſelf, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes ; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his Highnefs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air : he'll ſtrait be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs ;
Th' inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me ; for they do obſerve
Unfeather'd hairs and loathy births of Nature :
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the year

Had

Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did so a little time before

That our great Grandfire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of *Clarence*?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physick.

War. Not so much noise, my Lord; sweet Prince,
speak low;

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night: sleep with it now!

Yet

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. My gracious Lord! my father!
 This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden Rigol hath divorc'd
 So many *English* Kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
 My due from thee is this imperial Crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
 Which heav'n shall guard: and put the world's whole
 strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal Honour from me. This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, and Clarence.

K. Henry. *Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!*

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The Prince of *Wales*! where is he? let
 me see him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Gl. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the Crown? who took it from
 my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek
 him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
 My sleep my death? find him, my Lord of *Warwick*,
 And chide him hither straight; this part of his
 Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.
 See, sons, what things you are! how quickly nature
 Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object.
 For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with
 care,

Their bones with industry: for this, engross'd
 The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold:
 For this, they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
 When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r,
 Our thighs are packt with wax, our Mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the Bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not stay so long,
 'Till his friend, Sickness, hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quast but blood,
 Would, by beholding him have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*;
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exe. Lords.*]

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty Chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my Honours,
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
 Thou seek'st the greatness, that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little; for my cloud of Dignity

Is

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence ; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation ;
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not ;
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my herse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head ;
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form :
Henry the Fifth is crown'd : up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! All you sage Counsellors, hence ;
And to the *English* Court assemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of Idleness :
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum ;
Have you a ruffian that will swear ? drink ? dance ?
Revel the night ? rob ? murder ? and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt ;
England shall give him office, honour, might :
For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint ; and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
 (The moist impediments unto my speech,) [*Kneeling.*
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And he that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your Honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
 Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to shew th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed.
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold;
 Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable:
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it (as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father)
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the Might of it;
 Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my son!

Heav'n

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, *Harry*, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel,
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it fate upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation:
 For all the foil of the atchievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered.
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene,
 Acting that argument: And now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the holy land;
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my *Harry*,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign Quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.

How

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive:
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my *John of Lancaster.*

Lan. Health, peace and happiness to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd, trunk. Upon thy fight
My wordly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of *Warwick*?

P. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick.* —————

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! ev'n there my life must end.
It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in *Jerusalem*:
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie:
In that *Jerusalem* shall *Harry* die. [Exeunt.]





A C T V.

SCENE, Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

S H A L L O W.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night,
What! *Davy*, I say——*Fal.* You must excuse me, master *Robert Shallow*.*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy*——*Enter Davy.**Davy.* Here, Sir.*Shal.* *Davy*, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me see, *Davy*, let me see; yea, marry. *William Cook*, bid him come hither.——*Sir John*, you shall not be excus'd.*Davy.* Marry, Sir, thus: those precepts cannot be serv'd; and, again, Sir, shall we sow the head-land with wheat?*Shal.* With red wheat, *Davy*. But, for *William Cook*,——are there no young Pigeons?*Davy.* Yea, Sir——Here is now the *Smith's* note for shooin, and plow-irons.*Shal.* Let it be cast and paid——*Sir John*, you shall not be excus'd.*Davy.* Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of *William's* wages about the sack he lost the other day at *Hinckly* fair?*Shal.*

Shal. He shall answer it. Some pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws; tell *William Cook*.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will use him well. A friend i'th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy business, *Davy*.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance *William Visor* of *Wancot* against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, against that *Visor*; that *Visor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worship, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your Worship truly, Sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but very little credit with your Worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir, therefore, I beseech your Worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I say, he shall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John*? come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, master *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow; [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master *Robert Shallow*. [*Exeunt Shallow, Silence, &c.*] *Bardolph*, look to our horses.———If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded-hermites-staves as master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens' spirits and his: they,
by

by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like servingman. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild Geese. If I had a suit to master *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: If to his men, I would curry with master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise Bearing or ignorant Carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions, and he shall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lye with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within.*] Sir *John*——

Fal. I come, master *Shallow*; I come, master *Shallow*. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

SCENE changes to the Court, in LONDON.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. **H**OW now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his Majesty had call'd me with him.
The service, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead *Harry* :
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen :
How many Nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good-morrow, cousin *Warwick*.

Glou. Clar. Good-morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

Glou. O, good my Lord, you've lost a friend, indeed :
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier ; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir *John Falstaff* fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Just. Heav'n save your Majesty !

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easy on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :

This

This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* Court;
 Not *Amarath* an *Amurath* succeeds,
 But *Harry*, *Harry*. Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
 For me, by heav'n, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too:
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
 Yet weep, that *Harry's* dead; and so will I.
 But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those tears
 By number into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me; and you most.
 You are, I think, assur'd, I love you not.

[To the *Ch. Just.*

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me?
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 Th' immediate heir of *England*! was this easy?
 May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father:
 The image of his Power lay then in me:
 And in th' administration of his Law,
 While I was busy for the Common-wealth,
 Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
 The Majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
 The image of the King whom I presented;
 And struck me in my very seat of Judgment:
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at naught:
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son ;
 Hear your own dignity so much prophan'd ;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted ;
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd :
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
 After this cold confid'rance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a King, speak in your State,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well,
 'Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish, your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did :
 So shall I live to speak my father's words ;
 ' Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 ' That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 ' And no less happy, having such a son,
 ' That would deliver up his greatness so
 ' Into the hand of justice.'—You committed me ;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents,
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.
 And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;
 My father is gone wild into his grave, (18)

For

(18) *My Father is gone wail'd into his Grave,*
(For in his Tomb lie my Affections,)] This ridiculous Reading
 which, I presume, is Mr. Pope's Conjecture, unsupported by Au-
 thorities,

For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
 After my seeming. Tho' my tide of blood
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
 Now call we our high Court of Parliament;
 And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*]

Our Coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remember'd) all our state,
 And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
 No Prince, nor Peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heav'n shorten *Harry's* happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*]

thorities, or Reason;) is not only Nonsense in itself, but is the Cause that Nonsense possesses the following Verses. The Poet certainly wrote, as I have restored with all the old Copies. "My Father, says the Prince, is gone *wild* into his Grave, for now all my *wild* Affections lie intombed with him; and I survive with his *sober* Spirit and Disposition, to disappoint those Expectations the Publick have formed of me." This the Prince had resolved to do, upon his Father's Demise; as we have heard from his own Mouth:

————— *If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present Wildness die;
 And never live to shew th' incredulous World
 The noble Change that I have purposed!*

That he did make this Change, we hear from the Archbishop in the Beginning of *Henry V.*

*The Breath no sooner left his Father's body,
 But that his Wildness, mortified in him,
 Seemed to die too.*

These two Quotations very plainly assert our Poet's Reading, and are flagrant Testimonies of Mr. *Pope's* unhappy Fatality in guessing wrong.

SCENE *changes to SHALLOW's Seat in Gloucestershire.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. **N**AY, you shall see mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth: come, cousin *Silence*; and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John*; marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, spread, *Davy*; well said, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses; he is your servingman, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' mass, I have drank too much sack at supper. — A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah, quoth-a,
We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
And praise heav'n for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good master *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* some wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, fit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, fit. Master Page, fit: good master Page, fit: proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master *Bardolph*, and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.

Be

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think, master *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy,——

Davy. Your Worship——I'll be with you streight.
A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A Cup of wine,
That's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'st any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too; I'll drink to master *Bardolph*, and to all the cavilerocs about *London*.

Davy. I hope to see *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, *Davy*,——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, master *Bardolph*?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a King, lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho? who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo.* Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Davy. If it please your Worship, there's one *Pistol* come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol*?

Pist. Sir *John*, 'save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistol*?

Pist. Not the ill wind that blows no man good, sweet Knight: thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman *Puff* of *Barsen*.

Pist. *Puff*?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base.

Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol* and thy friend;

And helter skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base! I speak of *Africa*, and golden joys.

Fal. O base *Affyrian* Knight, what is thy news? Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the *Helicons*? And shall good news be baffled?

Then *Pistol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist.

Pist. Under which King? *Bezonian*, speak or die. (19)

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King.

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When *Pistol* lies, do this, and fig me like

The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph*, saddle my horse. Master *Robert Shallow*, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry master *Silence* to bed: master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, sweet *Pistol*! away, *Bardolph*: come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, master *Shallow*. I know, the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why, here it is, welcome this present day. [*Exeunt.*]

(19) ——— *Bezonian*, *speak or die.*] So again *Suffolk* says in 2 *Henry VI.*

Great Men oft die by vile Bezonians.

We are not to imagine this any Nation of People; but it is a Term of Reproach, frequent in the Writers contemporary with our Poet, and of *Italian* Extraction. *Bisogno*, among other Significations, means, *Necessity*; and *Bisognoso*, a *needy* Person; thence, metaphorically, a base Scoundrel.

S C E N E *changes to a Street in London.*

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.

Host. **N**O, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lye: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, if the child, I go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to some body. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry.

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Pistol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censer! I will have you as soundly fwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not fwindg'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she-knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a Justice.

Host. Yes, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!—

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you rascal!

Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E,

SCENE, a publick Place near Westminster-Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Gr. **M**ORE rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the Coronation : dispatch, dispatch. [*Exe. Grooms.*]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace : I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor show doth better ; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem* ; for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts

Is in base durance and contagious prison ;
 Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.
 Rouze up revenge from Ebon-den, with fell *Alecto's* snake,
 For *Dol* is in. *Pistol* speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the sea ; and trumpet-clangour
 sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal* !

Pist. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, most royal
 imp of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ? know you, what 'tis
 you speak ?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I speak to thee, my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers :
 How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, (hence !) and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape

For thee, thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was :

For heav'n doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self,

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots ;

Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my mis-leaders,

Not to come near our person by ten miles.

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil :

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will according to your strengths and qualities

Give

Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on.

[Exit King, &c.]

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to
let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you
grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him:
look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not
your advancement, I will be the man yet that shall make
you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your
doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good
Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. 'This, that
you hear, was but a colour,————

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner: come,
lieutenant *Pistol*; come, *Bardolph*. I shall be sent for
soon at night.

Enter Chief Justice and Prince John.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir *John Falstaff* to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord,————

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon,
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.* (20)

[Exeunt.]

(20) *Si Fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.*] This false Italian
is not from the Editors, but purposely from the Author. *Pistol*, as
an ignorant Fellow, but an affecter of languages, quotes a Scrap,
he has heard, at all Adventures; not knowing whether he is right,
or believing that any of the Company know. It seems to me a
Fragment from some *Chanson* or *Madrigal*; and, perhaps, stood
thus in the Original.

Si Fortuna me tormenta,

La Speranza me contenta,

If Fortune afflict me, I'll wrap myself up contented in the hope
of her growing kinder.

Manent.

Manent Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a Sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.



THE



H. Gravelot del. Vol: 4. P. 281.

G. V. de Gucht Scul.



THE
L I F E
O F
HENRY V.





Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

Duke of Gloucester,
Duke of Bedford, } *Brothers to the King.*
Duke of Clarence,

Duke of York, } *Uncles to the King.*
Duke of Exeter,

Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Westmorland.
Earl of Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, } *Conspirators against the King.*
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, } *Officers in King Henry's Army.*
Gower,
Fluellen,
Mackmorris,
Jamy,

Nym, } *Formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers*
Bardolph, } *in the King's Army.*
Pistol,
Boy.

Bates, } *Soldiers.*
Court,
Williams,

Charles,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Charles, *King of France.*

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgundy.

Constable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandpree,	}	<i>French Lords.</i>
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Governor of Harfleur.

Mountjoy, a Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France.

Catharine, Daughter to the King of France.

Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Catharine.

Quickly, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.

CHORUS.

*Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with
other Attendants.*

*The Scene, at the beginning of the Play, lies in
England; but afterwards, wholly in France.*



PRO.

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
(Least in, like hounds,) should famine sword and fire
Crouch for employment. Pardon gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vasty field of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, the very caskes
That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
O, pardon; since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of those walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whose high-up-reared and abutting fronts
The perillous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i'th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here, and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.





The L I F E of
King *H E N R Y* V. (1)

A C T I.

SCENE, *An Antechamber in the English Court, at Kenilworth.*

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

Y Lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o' th' last King's
M reign,
Was like, and had, indeed, against us past,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

(1) *The Life of K. Henry.] The Transactions compriz'd in this Historical Play, commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the 8th Year of this King's reign; when he married Catharine Princess of France, and closed up the Differences betwixt England and that Crown.*

Cant.

Cant. It must be thought on: if it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession:
 For all the temporal lands, which men devout
 By testament have given to the church,
 Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
 As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
 Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
 And to relief of lazars, and weak age
 Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
 A hundred alm-houses, right well supply'd;
 And to the coffers of the King, beside,
 A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not;
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
 Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an angel, came,
 And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
 Leaving his Body as a Paradise,
 T' envelope and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:
 Never came reformation in a flood
 With such a heady current, scow'ring faults:
 Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulness
 As soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this King.

Ely. We're blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire, the King were made a Prelate.
 Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
 You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in musick.

Turn

Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The *Gordian* knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and hony'd sentences:
 So that the Act, and practic part of life, (2)
 Must be the mistress to this theorique.
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain
 His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesom berries thrive, and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd:
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill,

(5) *So that the Art and practic part of Life*] All the Editions, if I am not deceived, are guilty of a slight Corruption in this Passage. The Archbishop has been shewing, what a Master the King was in the Theory of Divinity, War and Policy: so that it must be expected (as I conceive, he would infer;) that the King should now wed that Theory to Action, and the putting the several parts of his Knowledge into practice. If this be our Author's Meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote,

So that the Act, and practic, &c.

Thus we have a Consonance in the Terms and Sense. For Theory is the Art, and Study of the Rules of any Science; and Action, the Exemplification of those Rules by Proof and Experiment.

Urg'd

Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us.
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual Convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum,
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain Dukedoms,
And, generally, to the Crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment, that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy:
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the *Frenchman* speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, opens to the Presence.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmorland, and Exeter.

K. Henry. **W** Here is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my Liege?

K. Henry.

K. *Henry*. Not yet, my coufin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. *Henry*. Sure, we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suites not in native colours with the truth.
For, God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed, how you impawn our person;
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed,
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords,
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my Lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*;
In terram Salicam Mulieres nè succedant;
No Woman shall succeed in Salike land:
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjustly gloze

To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
 That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
 Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
 Where *Charles* the great, having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
 There left behind and settled certain *French*:
 Who, holding in disdain the *German* women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
 Which *Salike*, as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
 Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
 Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
 Was not devised for the realm of *France*;
 Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* land,
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 (Idly suppos'd, the founder of this law;)
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty six; and *Charles* the great,
 Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*
 Beyond the river *Sala* in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerick*,
 Did as heir general (being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
 Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the Crown
 Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of *Charles* the great,
 To fine his title with some shews of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
 Convey'd himself as heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the son
 To *Lewis* the Emperor, which was the son
 Of *Charles* the great. Also King *Lewis* the ninth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of *France*, 'till satisfy'd

That

That fair Queen *Isabel*, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*:
 By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
 Was re-united to the crown of *France*.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King *Pepin's* title, and *Hugh Capet's* claim,
 King *Lewis's* satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
 Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
 And rather chuse to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles, (3)
 Usurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I with right and conscience make
 this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
 For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag:
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors;
 Go, my dread Lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
 From whom you claim: invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince;
 Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*;

(3) *Than* openly imbrace) This is Mr. *Pope's* Reading, and not
 any ways authorized that I can find. But where is the *Antithesis*
 betwixt *bide* in the preceding Line, and *imbrace* in this? The two
 old *Folio's* read, *Than amply to imbarre*——But here is a slight Cor-
 ruption in the Spelling, by the superfluous Reduplication of a Letter.
 We certainly must either read (as Mr. *Warburton* advised me,) ——
Than amply to imbare —— (or as I had suspected, *unbare*;) i. e. lay
 open, make naked, display to View. I am surprized, Mr. *Pope* did
 not start this Conjecture, as Mr. *Rowe* has led the way to it in his
 Edition, who reads;

Than amply to make bare their crooked Titles.

While his most mighty Father, on a hill,
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of *French* nobility.

O noble *English*, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pow'r of *France* ;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action !

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats !
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
 The blood, and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice puissant Liege
 Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exc. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouze yourself ;
 As did the former Lions of your blood.

West. They know, your Grace hath cause ; and means
 and might (4)

So hath your Highness ; never King of *England*,
 Had Nobles richer, and more loyal subjects ;
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
 And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
 With blood and sword, and fire, to win your right :
 In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
 Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum,
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm t'invade the *French*,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the *Scot*, who will make 'road upon us
 With all advantages.

(14) *They know your Grace hath cause, and means and might ;
 So hath your Highness, never King of England
 Had Nobles richer, —*] Thus has this Speech hitherto been most
 stupidly pointed, without any regard to common Sense. As I have
 regulated it, we see the Poet's Drift, and come at an easy and na-
 tural Reasoning.

Cant.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim-fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my Liege;
For hear her but exempl'd by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of *Scots*, whom she did send to *France*,
To fill King *Edward's* fame with prisoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouzy bottom of the Sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

Ely. But there's a saying very old and true.
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weazel, *Scot*,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To taint, and havock, more than she can eat (5).

(5) *To tear and havock more than she can eat.*] 'Tis not much
the Quality of the Mouse to tear the Food it comes at, but to run
over and defile it. The old Quarto reads, *spoile*; and the two first
Folio's, *tame*: from which last corrupted Word, I think, I have
retriev'd the Poet's genuine Reading, *taint*.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home,
 Yet that is but a 'fcus'd necessity; (6)
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And petty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised head defends itself at home:
 For government, though high, and low, and lower.
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like musick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion:
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience; for so work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a King, and officers of sort;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home:
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing mason building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate:
 The sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
 That many things, having full reference

(6) *Yet that is but a curs'd Necessity;*] So the old Quarto. The Folio's read *crush'd*: Neither of the Words convey any tolerable Idea; but give us a counter-reasoning, and not at all pertinent. 'Tis *Exeter's* business to shew, there is no real Necessity for staying at home: he must therefore mean, that though there be a seeming Necessity, yet it is one that may be well *excused* and *got over*.

Mr. Warburton.

To

To one consent, may work contrariously :
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark : as many ways meet in one town ;
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's center ;
 So may a thousand actions, once a foot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege.
 Divide your happy *England* into four,
 Whereof take you one quarter into *France* ;
 And you withal shall make all *Gallia* shake :
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried ; and our Nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy.

K. *Hen.* Call in the messengers, sent from the *Dauphin*.
 Now are we well resolv'd ; and by God's help
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. There we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery,
 O'er *France*, and all her almost kingly Dukedoms ;
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tomblefs, with no remembrance over them.
 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,
 Like *Turkish* mute, shall have a tongueless mouth ;
 Not worshipt with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin *Dauphin* ; for we hear,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge :
 Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
 The *Dauphin's* meaning, and our embassy ?

K. *Henry.* We are no tyrant, but a christian King,
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,

As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
 Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
 Tell us the *Dauphin's* mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.

Your Highness, lately sending into *France*,
 Did claim some certain Dukedoms in the right
 Of your great predecessor, *Edward* the third.
 In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
 Says, that you favour too much of your youth ;
 And bids you be advis'd : there's nought in *France*,
 That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
 You cannot revel into Dukedoms there :
 He therefore sends you (meeter for your spirit)
 This tun of treasure ; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you, let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
 Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We're glad, the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with us.
 His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a set,
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him, h'ath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the courts of *France* will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days ;
 Not measuring, what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor seat of *England*,
 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
 To barb'rous licence ; as 'tis ever common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home.
 But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my state,
 Be like a King, and shew my fail of greatness ;
 When I do rouze me in my throne of *France*.
 For that I have laid by my Majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working days ;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France* ;
 Yea, strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.

And

And tell the pleasant Prince, this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
 Shall stand fore charged for the wasteful vengeance,
 That shall fly with them : many thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down :
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin's* scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
 Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
 To 'venge me as I may ; and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace ; and tell the *Dauphin*,
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it :
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furth'rance to our expedition ;
 For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable swiftnefs add
 More feathers to our wings : for, God before,
 We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now all the youth of *England* are on fire, (7)
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;

Now

(7) *Now all the Youth of England*] I have replaced this *Chorus*
 here, by the Authority of the old *Folio's* ; and ended the first
Act, as the Poet certainly intended. Mr. *Pope* removed it, be-
 cause (says he) *This Chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the*

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
 Following the mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged heels, as *English Mercuries*.
 For now fits expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial; crowns, and coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
 The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the *English* purposes.
 O *England*! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart;
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out;
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
 One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the second,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, Knight of *Northumberland*,

Spectators of the Change of the Scene to Southampton; and therefore ought to be placed just before that Change, and not here. 'Tis true, the Spectators are to be informed, that, when they next see the King, they are to suppose him at *Southampton*. But this does not imply any Necessity of this Chorus being contiguous to that Change. On the contrary, the very concluding Lines vouch absolutely against it.

*But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our Scene.*

For how absurd is such a Notice, if the Scene is to change, so soon as ever the Chorus quits the Stage? Besides, unless this Chorus be prefixed to the Scene betwixt *Nim*, *Bardolph*, &c. We shall draw the Poet into another Absurdity. *Pistol*, *Nim*, and *Bardolph*, are in this Scene talking of going to the Wars in *France*: but the King had but just, at his quitting the Stage, declared his Resolutions of commencing this War: And without the Interval of an Act, betwixt that Scene and the Comic Characters entering, how could they with any Probability be informed of this intended Expedition?

Have

Have for the guilt of *France* (O guilt, indeed !)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful *France* :
 And by their hands this grace of Kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for *France* ; and in *Southampton*.
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The King is set from *London*, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to *Southampton* :
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit ;
 And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back ; charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass : for if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, 'till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Unto *Southampton* do we shift our scene. [Exit.



A C T II.

S C E N E, before QUICKLY's House in
 Eastcheap.

Enter Corporal Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

B A R D O L P H.

W E L L met, Corporal *Nim*. (8)

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*.

Bard. What, are Ancient *Pistol* and you friends yet ?

(8) *Bard*. *Well met, Corporal Nim.*] I have chose to begin the 2d *Act* here, because each *Act* may close regularly with a *Chorus*. Not that I am persuaded, this was the Poet's Intention to mark the *Intervals* of his *Acts* : as the *Chorus* did on the old *Grecian* Stage. He had no Occasion of this sort : since, in his Time, the *Pauses* of Action were filled up, as now, with a Lesson of Musick : But the Reasons for this Distribution are explained in the Note immediately preceding this.

Nim.

Nim. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron ; it is a simple one ; but what though ? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will ; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to *France* : let it be so, good corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may ; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly* ; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may ; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and some say, knives have edges : it must be as it may ; tho' patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod ; there must be conclusions ; well, I cannot tell,——

Enter Pistol and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient *Pistol* and his wife ? good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host *Pistol* ?

Pist. Base tyke, call'st thou me host ? now by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ; nor shall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long : for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O welliday lady, if he be not drawn ! (9) Now we shall see wilful adultery, and murder committed.

Bard.

(9) *O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now.]* I cannot understand the Drift of this Expression. If he be not *hewn*, must signify, if he be not *cut down* ; and in that Case, the very Thing is supposed, which *Quickly* was apprehensive of. But I rather think, her Fright arises

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish! ———

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good corporal *Nim*, shew thy valour and put up thy sword.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs; yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth.
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Pistol*'s cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbasen*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe à gorge*, that is the word, I defy thee again.
O hound of *Crete*, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spittle go.

arises upon seeing their Swords drawn: and I have ventured to make a slight Alteration accordingly. *If he has not drawn, for, if he has not his Sword drawn*, is an Expression familiar with our Poet.

And

And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
 Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Cressid's* kind,
Dol Tear-sheet, she by name, and her espouse,
 I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
 For th' only she; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host *Pistol*, you must come to my master,
 and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed.
 Good *Bardolph*, put thy nose between his sheets, and
 do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding
 one of these days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good
 husband, come home presently. [*Exit Quick.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? we
 must to *France* together: why the devil should we keep
 knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl
 on! —————

Nim. You'll pay me the eight shillings, I won of you
 at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave, that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound, push home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
 I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their
 course.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt be friends, be
 friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with
 me too; pr'ythee, put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have and present pay;
 And liquor likewise will I give to thee;
 And friendship shall combine and brotherhood.
 I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* shall live by me.
 Is not this just? for I shall Suttler be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give

Give me thy hand.

Nim. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nim*, thou hast spoken the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to SOUTHAMPTON.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

Bed. **F**Ore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves. As if allegiance in their bosoms fate,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Enter

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Now fits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Masbam*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not, that the pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of *France* ;
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them ?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege ; if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that ; since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours :
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty ; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True ; those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steeped their gauls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil ;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest example
Breed (by his suff'rance) more of such a kind.

K. Henry.

K. *Henry*. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. *Henry*. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? we'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Grey*, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. Now to our *French* causes;
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord.

Your Highness bad me ask for it to day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Grey. And I, my Sovereign.

K. *Hen*. Then *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours, Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*; and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this same is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of *Westmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Grey. *Scroop*. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry*. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
These *English* monsters! my Lord *Cambridge* here,
You

You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use:
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange
That though the truth of it stand off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose:
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so prepost'rously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by-treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up;
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same Dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win

A soul so easy as that *Englishman's*.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?

Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?

Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?

Why so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,

Free from gross passion or of mirth, or anger,

Constant in spirit, nor swerving with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,

Not working with the ear, but with the eye, (10)

And but in purged judgment trusting neither?

Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem.

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, (11)

To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee.

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like

Another fall of man——Their faults are open;

Arrest them to the answer of the law,

And God acquit them of their practices!

(10) *Not working with the Eye without the Ear.*] He is here giving the Character of a compleat Gentleman, and says, he did not trust his Eye without the Confirmation of his Ear. But was ever any thing so preposterous? When Men have Eye-sight-proof, they think they have sufficient Evidence, and do not stay for the Confirmation of an Hear-say. But prudent Men, on the contrary, will not trust the credit of the Ear, till it be confirmed by the Demonstration of the Eye. And this is that Conduct for which the King would here commend him. So that we must assuredly read,

Not working with the Ear, but with the Eye.

Mr. Warburton.

(11) *And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of Blot,*

To make the full fraught Man, the best, endued

With some Suspicion.] Thus Mr. Pope has stopped this Passage.

If he understands the Sense of it, as it stands here, it is more than I do; or if he believes, that, to make a Man endued with Suspicion, was the Phrase of our Author, I must beg to be excused if I have not so much Credulity. I am persuaded, I have rescued the Text from the Obscurity and Corruption it lay under.

Exc.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Henry* Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Thomas* Grey, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me the gold of *France* did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in suff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! hear your sentence;
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
(Poor miserable wretches) to your death;
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*]
Now, Lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
 But every rub is smoothed in our way:
 Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Chearly to sea; the signs of war advance;
 No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Quickly's house in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy and Quickly.

Quick. **P**R'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Pistol. No, for my manly heart doth yern.

Bardolph, he blith: *Nim,* rouze thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead,
 And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him wheresome'er he is,
 either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur's* bosom, if ever man went to *Arthur's* bosom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o'th' tide: For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for (12) his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled

(12) *His nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of green fields.* So the first Folio. Mr. Pope has observed, that these Words, and a Table of green fields, are not in the old Quarto's. This Nonsense (continues he,) got into all the following Editions by a pleasant Mistake of the Stage-Editors, who printed from the common piece-meal-written Parts in the Play-house. A Table was here directed to be brought in (it being a Scene in a Tavern where they drink at parting;) and

babbled of green fields. How now, Sir *John*? quoth I: what, man? be of good cheer: so a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' shou'd not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so a' bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone: then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim.

and this Direction crept into the Text from the Margin. Greenfield was the Name of the Property-man in that time, who furnished Implements, &c. for the Actors. A Table of Greenfield's. — As to the History of Greenfield being then Property man, whether it was really so, or it be only a gratis dictum, is a Point which I shall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal Direction, and suppose that a Table of Greenfield's was wanting; yet it never was customary in the Prompter's Book, (much less, in the peace-meal Parts;) where any such Directions are marginally inserted for Properties or Implements wanted, to add the Property-man's Name, whole Business it was to provide them. Besides, the furnishing Chairs and Tables is not the Province of the Property-man, but of the Scene-keepers. But there is a stronger Objection yet against this Observation advanced by the Editor. He seems to imagine, that when Implements are wanted in any Scene, the Direction for them is marked in the middle of that Scene, though the Things are to be got ready against the Beginning of it. But the Directions for Entrances and Properties wanting, ('tis well known,) are always marked in the Book at about a Page in Quantity before the Actors quoted are to enter, or the Properties to be used; that the Stage may not stand still. And therefore, Greenfield's Table can be of no Use to us for this Scene. Nor, indeed, is any Table requisite. The Scene, 'tis true is in a Tavern; but the Company have no business to sit down. There is not the least Intimation of any Drink going round: It is in Pistol's own House, as he had married Quickly: he and his Comrades are on their Feet, and just setting out for France. The Description of Falstaff's Death, and what he talked of, is the only thing that retards them for a few Minutes: after which they kiss their Hostess, and part. The Conjectural Emendation I have given, is so near to the Traces of the Letters in the corrupted Text; that I have ventured to insert it as the genuine Reading. It has certainly been observed (in particular, by the Superstition of Women;)

Nim. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, and that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He said once, the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember, he saw a Flea stick upon *Bardolph's* nose, and said, it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we shog? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let senses rule; the word is, pitch and pay;
Trust none, for oaths are straws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France*; like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholsome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march.

Women;) of People near Death, when they are delirious by a Fever, that they talk of *removing*: as it has of those in a Calenture, that they have their Heads run on *green Fields*. — To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately, like Children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying Persons, when they are losing the Use of Speech.

Bard.

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nim. I cannot kifs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the French King's Palace.*

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. **T**H U S come the *English* with full power
upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry*, and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant* and of *Orleans*, shall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch;
To line, and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected *English*
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of *France*:
And let us do it with no shew of fear;

No,

No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
 Were busied with a *Whitson* morris-dance:
 For, my good Liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin*!
 You are too much mistaken in this King:
 Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy;
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution:
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the out-side of the *Roman Brutus*,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with odure hide those roots,
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord high Constable.
 But tho' we think it so, it is no matter:
 In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems;
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong;
 And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths:
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When *Cressy*-battle fatally was struck;
 And all our Princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, *Edward* black Prince of *Wales*:
 While that his mounting sire, on mountain standing, (13)

Up

(13) *While that his mountain Sire, on mountain standing.*] But why
mountain Sire? The French King does not mean to say any thing de-
 VOL. IV. O rogatory,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroick feed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature: and deface
 The patterns, that by God and by *French* fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry*, King of England,
 Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and
 bring them.

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths, when, what they seem to
 threaten,

Runs far before them. Good, my Sovereign,
 Take up the *English* short; and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:
 Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sin,
 As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England*?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majesty:
 He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the Crown;
 And all the wide-stretch'd honours, that pertain

rogatory, or scoffingly of King *Edward* the Third; nor is the *Size*,
 or *Stature* of King *Edward* alluded to, as if he had been *inftar*
Montis. I have no doubt, but our Author intended *mounting Sire*,
 i. e. high-minded, aspiring. In this Sense, in the first Act, the
 Archbishop of *Canterbury* seems to be speaking of this Prince.

While his most mighty Father on a hill, &c.

By

By custom and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of *France*. That you may know,
 'Tis no sinister nor no aukward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd;
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 In every branch truly demonstrative,

[*Gives the French King a Paper.*]

Willing you over-look this pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove*:
 That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
 He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; upon your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatning, and my message;
 Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother *England*.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
 I stand here for him, what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not mis-become
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my King; and if your father's Highness

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty ;
 He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
 Shall hide your trespasss, and return your mock
 In second accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
 It is against my will ; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with *England* ; to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with those *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* shake for it,
 Were it the mistress court of mighty *Europe* :
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
 (As we his subjects have in wonder found,)
 Between the promise of his greener days,
 And these he masters now ; now he weighs time
 Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind at full.
[*Fleurish.*

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
 Come here himself to question our delay ;
 For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. K. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions ;
 A night is but small breath, and little pause,
 To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
 The well-appointed King at *Hampton Peer* (14)
Embark

(14.) *The well-appointed King at Dover peer
 Embark his Royalty.*] Thus all the Editions downwards, im-
 plicity, after the first *Folio*. But could the Poet possibly be so dis-
 cordant from himself, (and the Chronicles, which he copied ;) to
 make the King here embark at *Dover* ; when he has before told us
 so precisely, and that so often over, that he embarked at *Southamp-*
ton ? I dare acquit the Poet from so flagrant a Variation. The In-
dolence

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with th' invifible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty furge. O, do but think,
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
 For fo appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow,
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your *England*, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandfires, babies and old women;
 Or past, or not arriv'd, to pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France*?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
 Suppose, th' ambassador from *France* comes back;
 Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Chatharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
 With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

dolence of a Transcriber, or a Compositor at Press, must give Rise
 to such an Error. They, seeing *Peer* at the End of the Verse, un-
 luckily thought of *Dover-peer*, as the best known to them: and so
 unawares corrupted the Text.



A C T III.

S C E N E, *before HARFLEUR.*

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*]

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford and Gloucester;
Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

King H E N R Y.

O N C E more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more;
Or close the wall up with the *English* dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest *English*,
Whose blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many *Alexanders*,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,

And

And teach them how to war ; and you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture : let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not :
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes ;
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot :
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry ! England !* and *St. George !*

[*Exeunt King, and Train.*

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay ; the knocks are too hot ; and for mine own part, I have not a care of lives : the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just ; for humours do abound :

Knocks go and come : God's vassals drop and die ;
 And sword and shield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Wou'd I were in an ale-house in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I ; if wishes would prevail,
 I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs ; avaunt, you cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
 Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage ;
 Good bawcock, 'bate thy rage ; use lenity, sweet chuck.

Nim. These be good humours ; your honour wins bad humours. [Exeunt.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three ; but all they three,

three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such Anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Pistol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward, but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. *Bardolph* stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they stole a fire-shovel. I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their hand-kerchers; which makes much against my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.

Enter Gower, and Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of *Gloucester* would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines; by *Cheebu*, I think, a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheshu*, he is an *Afs*, as is in the world; I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, and Capt. Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheshu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say, gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worship, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By *Chrish* law, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet found the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so *Chrish* save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion; and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It shall be very gud, gud faith, gud captains bath; and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so *Chrish* save me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the

King and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the town is beseech'd: and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chrish do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me law.

Jamy. By the mefs, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to flomber, aile do gud service, or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mack. Of my nation? what ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? what ish my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain *Mackmorris*, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A Parley sounded.*]

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *before the Gates of Harfleur.**Enter King Henry and his train.*

K. Hen. **H**OW yet resolves the Governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
 Or like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst; as I'm a soldier,
 (A name, that in my thoughts, becomes me best)
 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*
 'Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
 Do with his smircht complexion all fell feats,
 Enlinkt to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may, as bootless, spend our vain command
 Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
 To come a-shoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
 Take pity of your town and of your people,
 While yet my soldiers are in my command;
 While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
 If not; why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dast to the walls ;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds ; as did the wives of Jewry,
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Enter Governor upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The *Dauphin*, of whom succours we entreated,
 Returns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy :
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates : come, uncle *Exeter*,
 Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the *French* :
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear Uncle,
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*,
 To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your guest,
 To-morrow for the march we are addrest.

[Flourish, and enter the town.]

SCENE, the French Court.

Enter Catharine, and an old Gentlewoman.

Cath. **A**LICE, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parles
 bien le language. (15)

Alice. Un peu, Madame.

Cath.

(15) Cath. Alice, tu as esté] I have regulated several Speeches
 in this *French Scene* : Some whereof were given to *Alice*, and yet
 evidently belonged to *Catharine* : and so, vice versa. It is not
 material to distinguish the particular Transpositions I have made.

Mr.

Cath. Je te prie de m'enseigner; il faut, que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main en Anglois.

Alice. La main, ell' est appellée, de hand.

Cath. De hand. Et le doyt?

Alice. Le doyt? ma foy, je oublie le doyt; mais je me souviendra le doyt; je pense, qu'ils ont appellé des fingres; ouy, de fingres.

Cath. La main, de hand; le doyt, le fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagnée deux mots d'Anglois viftement; comment appelez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.

Cath. De nayles. Escoutes: dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame: il est fort bon Anglois.

Cath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

Alice. De arme, madame.

Cath. Et le coude.

Alice. D'elbow.

Cath. D'elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Cath. Excuse moy, Alice; escoutez; d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, de bilbow.

Alice. D'elbow, madame.

Cath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie d'elbow comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Cath. De neck, & le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Cath. De fin: le col, de neck: le menton, de fin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en verité, vous prononcez les motz aussi droict, que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Mr. G lden has left no bad Remark, I think, with Regard to our Poet's Conduct in the Character of this Princess: for why he should not allow her (says he) to speak in English as well as all the other French, I can't imagine: since it adds no Beauty; but gives a patch'd and pye-bald Dialogue of no Beauty or Force.

Cath.

Cath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?

Cath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement; d' hand, de fingre, de mayles, de arme.

Alice. De nayles, madame.

Cath. De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Suaf vostre honneur, d'elbow.

Cath. Ainsi, dis je d' elbow, de neck, de sin : comment appelez vous les pieds, & de robe.

Alice. Le foot, madame, & le coun.

Cath. Le foot, & le coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont des mots mauvais, corruptibiles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde ! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autrefois ma leçon ensemble ; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, d'elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame.

Cath. C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, Presence-Chamber in the French Court.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

F. King. 'T IS certain, he hath pass'd the river Some.
Con. And if he be not fought withal,
my Lord,

Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers' luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and savage stock,
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans ; Norman bastards.

Mort.

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of *Albion*.

Con. Dieu de Batailles! why, whence have they this
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen icicles
Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of *English* youth,
To new-store *France* with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the *English* dancing-schools,
And teach *La volta's* high, and swift *Curranto's*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels;
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Mountjoy*, the herald? speed him
hence;

Let him greet *England* with our sharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd,
Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of *France*;
You, dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alançon, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Roussie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestraile*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights;
For your great feats now quit you of great shames:
Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our land

With

With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur* :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the vallies ; whose low vassal feat
 The *Alps* doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, (you have pow'r enough,)
 And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
 Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famisht in their march :
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for atchievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince *Dauphin*, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth, Lord Constable, and Princes all ;
 And quickly bring us word of *England's* fall. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *the English Camp.*

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. **H**OW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from
 the bridge ?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services
 committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe ?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my
 soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my
 living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be
 praised and plessed, any hurt in the world ; he is
 maintain the pridge most valiantly, with excellent dis-
 cipline. There is an Antient lieutenant there at the
 pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant
 a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no estima-
 tion

tion in the world, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd ancient *Pistol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love
at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddess blind that stands upon the rolling restless
stone———

Flu. By your patience, ancient *Pistol*: Fortune is
painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify
to you that fortune is blind; and she is painted also
with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral
of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities
and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon
a spherical stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles;
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frowns on him;
for he hath stol'n a *Pix*, and hanged must a'be; damned
death! (16)

Let

(16) *For he hath stol'n a Pax.*] Thus all the Editions, from the
very first: "And this is conformable to History, (says Mr. Pope;) "
"a Soldier (as *Hall* tell us) being hang'd at this Time for such a
Fact." ----- But to see this Gentleman's Accuracy, and Inac-
curacy, in one and the same Circumstance! Both *Hall* and *Holling-
head* agree as to the point of the *Theft*; but as to the Thing *stolen*,
there is not that Conformity betwixt them and Mr. *Pope*. But
let us see, what is understood by a *Pax*. It was an ancient custom,
at the Celebration of Mass, that when the Priest pronounc'd these
Words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!* The Peace of the Lord be
always

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
 And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate;
 But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
 For *Pix* of little price. Therefore, go speak,
 The Duke will hear thy voice;
 And let not *Bardolph's* vital thread be cut
 With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
 Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of *Spain*——— [Exit *Pist.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: but it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into *London*, under the form of a soldier. Such fellows are

always with you! both Clergy and People kiss'd one another. And this was call'd *Osculum Pacis*, the Kiss of Peace. But that Custom being abrogated, a certain Image is now presented to be kiss'd, which, as most Catholicks know, is called a *Pax*. But it was not this Image, which *Bardolph* stole; it was a *Pix*; or little chest, (from the *Latin* Word, *Pix*, a Box;) in which the consecrated *Hof* was used to be kept. "A foolish Soldier (says *Hall* expressly, and *Hollingshead* after him;) stole a *Pix* out of a Church; and unreverently did eat the holy *Hofes* within the same contained." Is there the least Question, but that our Poet's Text must be set right from these Chroniclers?

perfect

perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-turn'd oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suite of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge. (17)

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, and his poor soldiers.

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now, *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of

(17) *The King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.* "Speak with him from the Bridge, Mr. Pope tells us, is added in the latter Editions; but that it is plain from the Sequel, that the Scene here continues, and the Affair of the Bridge is over." 'Tis plain, this is a most inaccurate Criticism. The Scene, 'tis true, continues, and the Affair of the Bridge is over; but these Words are to be continued for all that. Tho' the Affair of the Bridge be over, is that a Reason, that the King must receive no Intelligence from thence? *Fluellen*, who comes from the Bridge, means no more than this, that he wants to acquaint the King with the Transactions that had happened there, and with the Duke of *Exeter*'s having repulsed the *French* from thence. And this is what he calls *speaking to the King from the Bridge*.

the

the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is master of the pridge : I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry*. What men have you lost, *Fluellen* ?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great ; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath lost never a man bnt one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the man : his face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs, and flames of fire ; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire ; sometimes plue, and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. *Henry*. We would have such offenders so cut off ; And give exprefs charge, that in all our march There shall be nothing taken from the villages, But shall be paid for ; and no *French* upbraided. Or yet abused in disdainful language ; When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms, The gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry*. Well then, I know thee ; what shall I know of thee ?

Mount. My master's mind.

K. *Henry*. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King : say thou to *Harry England*, Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep : Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him ; But that we thought not good to bruise an injury, 'Till it were ripe. Now, speak we on our cue, With voice imperial : *England* shall repent His folly, see his weakness, and admire Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider, What must the ransom be, which must proportion The losses we have borne, the subjects we Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested ;

To

To answer which, his pettinefs would bow under.
First for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthless satisfaction.

To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and master; and so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many *French*;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *English* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet, forgive me God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
'Though *France* himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour; and so, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this;
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mount.

Mount. I shall deliver so : thanks to your Highness. [Exit.

Glou. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs :
March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night ;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *the French Camp near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures,
Orleans, Dauphin, with others.*

Con. T U T, I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day !

Orl. You have an excellent armour ; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be morning.

Dau. My Lord of *Orleans*, and my Lord high Constable, you talk of horse and armour,——

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this ! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns ;
ça, ha ! le Cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les Narines de feu ! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs ; when I bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk ; he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for *Perseus* ; he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him ; he is, indeed, a horse ; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey ; it is a theme as fluent as the sea : turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all ; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, *Wonder of nature.*——

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my courser ; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me, well ; —— which is the prescript praise, and perfection, of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Methought, yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike, she was old and gentle ; and you rode, like a *Kerne of Ireland*, your *French* hose off, and in your strait troffers. (18)

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then ; they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs ; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.

(18) *Like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait Stroffers.*] Thus all the Editions have mistaken this Word, which should be *Troffers* ; and signifies, a pair of Breeches. The *French* call, to truss or pack up, *troffer* ; whether our Word, *Trowfers*, be derived from thence, I am not certain : But, by *strait Troffers*, our Poet humorously means, *femoribus denudatis* ; for the *Kernes* of *Ireland* wear no Breeches, any more than the *Scotch-Highlanders* do.

Dau.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a fow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son proper vomissement, & la truie lavée au boubier*; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert, Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with *English* faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I shou'd be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *English*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *English* prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *English*.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendship.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pax of the devil!*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is soon shot.*

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the *English* lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. 'Would it were day! Alas, poor *Harry of England!* he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *English* had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack ; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant creatures ; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a *Russian* Bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea, that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives ; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay ; but these *English* are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm ; come, shall we about it ?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock ; but (let me see) by ten, We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Chorus.

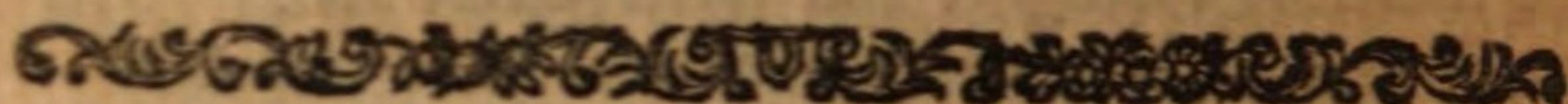
Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds ;
That the fixt centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll ;
And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)

Proud

Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty *French*
 Do the low-rated *English* play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned *English*,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger: and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
 With chearful semblance and sweet majesty:
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largesse universal, like the sun,
 His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
 Behold, (as may unworthiness define) (19)

(19) *Fear; that mean and gentle all*
Behold, (as may, &c.) As this stood, it was a most perplexed and non-sensical Passage: and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The Poet, first, expatiates on the real Influence that *Harry's* Eye had on his Camp: and then addressing himself to every Degree of his Audience, he tells them; he will shew (as well as his unworthy Pen and Powers can describe it) a little Touch, or Sketch of this Hero in the Night: a faint Resemblance of that Chearfulness and Resolution which this brave Prince express'd in himself, and inspired in his Followers.

A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly :
 Where, O for pity ! we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
 The name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE, *the English Camp, at Agincourt.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford and Gloucester.

King H E N R Y.

GLo'ster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger ;
 The greater therefore shou'd our courage be.
 Good-morrow, brother *Bedford* : God Almighty !
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself,

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham* :
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so, my Liege ; this lodging likes me better ;
 Since I may say, now lie I like a King.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their present pain
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, *Sir Thomas*: brothers both,
 Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
 Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavillion.

Glou. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight;
 Go with my brothers to my Lords of *England*:
 I and my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble *Harry*!

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st
 chearfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Discufs unto me, art thou officer,
 Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Henry. Even so: what are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
 A lad of life, an imp of fame,

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Cornish* name: art thou of *Cornish* crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welshman*.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then!—

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. [Exit.

K. Henry. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[Manet King Henry

Enter Fluellen, and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen*. —

Flu. So; in the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer; it
is the greatest admiration in the universal orld, when
the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is
not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the
wars of *Pompey* the great, you shall find, I warrant you,
that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in *Pom-*
pey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremo-
nies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of
it, and the sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it to be
otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an afs and a fool, and a prating
coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also,
look you, be an afs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb,
in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt.

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welshman*.

Enter

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham*.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should: for though I speak it to you, I think, the King is but a man as I am: the Violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then 'would he were here alone; so should

he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor men's lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we shou'd seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a place*; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son, that is sent by his father about merchandize, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities; you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation; but this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted
soldiers

foldiers: ſome peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe men have defeated the laws, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed, for before breach of the King's law, in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him out-live that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould answer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. Henry. I myſelf heard the King, ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. Henry. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous ſhot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's

feather : you'll never trust his word after ! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round : I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again ?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet : then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove ; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap ; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, this is my glove ; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word : fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *English* fools, be friends ; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Manet King Henry.

K. Henry. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders ; but it is no *English* treason to cut *French* crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper.

Upon the King ! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our sins, lay on the King ; he must bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must King's neglect,
That private men enjoy ? and what have Kings,

That

That private have not too, save ceremony?
 Save gen'ral ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? (20)
 O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
 What is thy toll, O adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a King's repose;
 I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farfed title running 'fore the King,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

(20) *What are thy Rents? what are thy Comings-in?*

O Ceremony, shew me but thy Worth:

What! is thy Soul of Adoration?] Thus is the last Line given us, and the Nonsense of it made worse by the ridiculous Pointing. Let us examine, how the Context stands with my Emendation. What are thy Rents? What are thy Comings-in? What is thy Worth? What is thy Toll?——(i. e. the Duties and Imposts, thou receivest;) All here is consonant, and agreeable to a sensible Exclamation.

Mr. Warburton.

Can

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of *Phæbus*; and all night
 Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help *Hyperion* to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
 What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight,
 Collect them altogether at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord. *[Exit.]*

K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts;
 Possess them not with fear; take from them now (21)
 The sense of reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to day, O Lord,

(21) ————— take from them now
The Sense of reck'ning of th' opposed Numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them.] Thus the first folio reads and points this
 Passage. The Poet might intend, "Take from them the Sense of
 "reckoning those opposed Numbers; which might pluck their Cou-
 "rage from them." But the *relative* not being express'd, the Sense
 is very obscure; and the following Verb seems a Petition, in the Im-
 perative Mood. The slight Correction I have given, makes it clear
 and easy.

O not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.
 I *Richard's* body have interred new,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
 Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chauntries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for *Richard's* soul. More will I do;
 Tho' all that I can do, is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after call, (22)
 Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My Liege.

K. Henry. My brother *Glo'ster's* voice?
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the French Camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures and Beaumont.

Orl. **T**HE Sun doth gild our armour; up, my Lords.
Dau. *Montez Cheval:* my horse, valet,
lacquay: ha!

(22) *Since that my Penitence comes after all,*
Imploring Pardon.] We must observe, that *Henry IV.* had committed an Injustice, of which he and his Son reaped the Fruits. But Justice and right Reason tell us, that they, who share the Profits of Iniquity, shall share likewise in the Punishment. Scripture again tells us, that, when Men have sinned, the Grace of God gives frequent Invitations to Repentance; which, in Scripture-language are, stiled *Calls*. These, if they have been carelessly dallied with, and neglected, are at length irrecoverably withdrawn, and then Repentance comes too late. This, I hope will sufficiently vouch for my Emendation, and explain what the Poet would make the King say. *Mr. Warburton.*

Orl.

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. *Via ! ——— les eaux & la terre. ———*

Orl. *Rien puis ! le air & feu. ———*

Dau. *Ciel ! Cousin Orleans. ———*

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in *English* eyes,
And daunt them with superfluous courage : ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses'
blood ?

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The *English* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To horse ! you gallant Princes, strait to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls ;
Leaving them but the shales and hulks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain ;
That our *French* gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;
Tho' we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation :
But that our honours must not. What's to say ?
A very little, little, let us do ;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets found
The tucket-sonuance, and the note to mount :

For

For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?
Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
I'll-favour'dly become the morning field;
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggard host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and let their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes:
And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bitt
Lies foul with chaw'd grafs, still and motionless:
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so liveless as it shews itself.

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the English Camp.

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with
all the Host; Salisbury and Westmorland.*

Glon. WHERE is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view
their battle.

West.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,

Then joyfully, my noble Lord of *Bedford*,

My dear Lord *Glo'ster*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with
thee! (23)

Exe. to *Sal.* Farewel, kind Lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit Sal.*

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in *England*,
That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin *Westmorland*? no, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,

(23) *Bed.* Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good Luck go with thee,
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm Truth of Valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to-day.]

What! does he do *Salisbury* Wrong, to wish him good Luck? Can any
thing be more ridiculous than to say so? The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*
prescrib'd to me the Transposition of the Verses, which I have made
in the Text: and the old *Quarto's* plainly lead to such a Regulation.

I am

I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my Lord, wish not a man from *England* :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more :
Rather proclaim it (*Westmorland*) through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his pass-port shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of *Crispian* :
He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of *Crispian* :
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to-morrow is Saint *Crispian* :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars :
Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as household words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ster*,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd,
This story shall the good man teach his son :
And *Crispin Crispian* shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Crispian's* day.

Enter

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sov'reign Lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The *French* are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*,
cousin?

West. God's will, my Liege, 'would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!

K. H. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men.
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured over-throw:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mount. The Constable of *France*.

K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in bras of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying

Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n ;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in *France*.
 Mark then a bounding valour in our *English* : (24)
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly ; tell the Constable,
 We are but warriors for the working day :
 Our gayness, and our guilt, are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our host ;
 (Good argument, I hope, we will not fly :)
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the *French* soldiers' heads ;
 And turn them out of service. If they do,
 (As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour.
 Come thou no more, for ransom, gentle herald ;
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mount. I shall, King *Harry*, and so fare thee well.
 Thou never shall hear herald any more. [Exit.]

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

(24) *Mark then abounding Valour in our English :*] Thus the old
Folio's. The *Quarto's*, more erroneously still,

Mark then abundant—

Mr. Pope degraded the Passage in both his Editions, because, I
 presume, he did not understand it. I corrected it some time ago in
 Print, as I have now reformed the Text, and the Allusion is ex-
 ceedingly beautiful ; comparing the Revival of the *English* Valour to
 the rebounding of a Cannon-ball.

Enter

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave *York*; now soldiers, march away.
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Field of Battle.*

Alarm, Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. **Y**ield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes les gentilhomme
de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality, calmy, culture me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O *Seigneur Dieu*!

Pist. O, *Signieur Dewe* should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O *Signieur Dewe*, and mark;
O *Signieur Dewe*, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O *Signieur*, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, *prennez misericorde, ayez pitié de moy.*

Pist. *Moy* shall not serve, I will have forty *moys*;
for I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of
crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat, offer'st me
brass?

Fr. Sol. O *pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of *moys*?
Come hither, Boy; ask me this slave in *French*,
What is his name?

Boy. *Escoutez, comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is Mr. *Fer*.

Pist. Mr. *Fer*! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret
him: discuss the same in *French* unto him.

Boy.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk*.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur ?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, pesant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns : or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ; je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ranfom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur, que dit-il ?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier : neantmoins pour les escus que vous l'avez promettes, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens, & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimé Seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England*.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [Ex. Pist. and Fr. Sol.]
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart ; but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times
more

more valour than this roaring devil i'th' old play ;
 every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger :
 yet they are both hang'd ; and so would this be, if he
 durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with
 the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp ; the
French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of
 it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.

S C E N E, *Another part of the Field of Battle.*

*Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin,
 and Rambures.*

Con. *O Diable !*

Orl. *O Seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu.*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie !* all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

[*A short Alarm.*

O meichante fortune ! ——— do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame ! let's stab ourselves :

Be these the wretches, that we play'd at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !

Let us die, instant :— Once more back again ; (25)

The man that will not follow *Bourbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than a dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,

(25) *Let us die, instant : Once more back again ;*] This Verse,
 which is quite left out in Mr. Pope's Editions, stands imperfect in
 the first Folio. By the Addition of a Syllable, I think, I have re-
 trieved the Poet's Sense. It is thus in the old Copy ;

Let us die in once more back again.

To

To smother up the *English* in our throngs ;
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter the King and his Train, with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen ;
But all's not done ; the *French* yet keep the field.

Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting :
From helmet to the spur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lies.

Suffolk first dy'd, and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, " tarry, my cousin *Suffolk*,
" My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n :
" Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast :
" As in this glorious and well-foughten field
" We kept together in our chivalry."

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up ;
He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, " dear my Lord,
" Commend my service to my Sovereign ;"
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kist his lips ;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd ;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I blame you not ;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound (26)
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [Alarm.
 But, hark, what new alarm is this same ?
 The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men :
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
 Give the word through. [Exeunt.

Alarms continued ; after which, Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage ! 'tis expressly
 against the law of arms ; (27) 'tis as arrant a piece of
 Knavery,

(26) *For, bearing this, I must perforce compound*
With mistful Eyes,] What a monster of a Word is this *mistful* ?
 The Poet certainly wrote, *mistful* : i. e. just ready to over-run with
 Tears. The Word he took from his Observation of Nature ; for
 just before Tears burst out, it appears as if there was a Mist before
 our Eyes. Mr. Warburton.

(27) *Kill the Poyes and the Luggage ! 'tis expressly against the Law*
of Arms ;] In the old Folio's, the 4th Act is made to begin here.
 But as the Matter of the Chorus, which is to come betwixt the
 4th and 5th Acts, will by no means sort with the Scenery that here
 follows ; I have chose to fall in with the other Regulation. Mr.
 Pope gives a Reason, why this Scene should be connective to the
 preceding Scene ; but his Reason, according to Custom, is a mis-
 taken one. The Words of Fluellen, (he says,) immediately follow
 those of the King just before. The King's last Words, at his going
 off, were ;

*Then ew'ry Soldier kill his Prisoners :
 Give the Word through.*

Now Mr. Pope must very accurately suppose, that Fluellen over-
 hears this : and that by replying, *Kill the Poyes and the Luggage !*
'tis expressly against the Law of Arms ; ——— he is condemning the
 King's Order, as against martial Discipline. But this is a most
 absurd Supposition. Fluellen neither overhears, nor replies to, what
 the King had said : nor has *kill the Poyes and the Luggage* any re-
 ference to the Soldiers' killing their Prisoners. Nay, on the con-
 trary (as there is no Interval of an Act here,) there must be some
 little Pause betwixt the King's going off, and Fluellen's Entering :
 (and therefore I have said, *Alarms continued ;*) for we find by Gower's
 first

Knavery, mark you now, as can be desir'd in your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily has caus'd ev'ry soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was born at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig, was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous; are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is born: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld: I warrant, that you shall find, in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is also moreover a river at *Monmouth*: it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander's* life well,

first Speech, that the Soldiers had already cut their Prisoners Throats, which required some time to do. The Matter is this. The Baggage, during the Battle, (as *K. Henry* had no Men to spare,) was guarded only by Boys and Lacqueys; which some *French* Run-aways getting notice of, they came down upon the *English* Camp-boys, whom they killed, and plundered, and burned the Baggage: in Resentment of which Villany it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted Lenity, ordered all Prisoners Throats to be cut. And to this Villany of the *French* Run-aways *Fluellen* is alluding, when he says, *Kill the Poys and the Luggage*. The Fact is set out, (as *Mr. Pope* might have observed) both by *Hall* and *Hollingshead*.

Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations; and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finish'd. I speak but in figures, and comparifons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; so also *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet; he was full of jests and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarm. Enter King Henry, with Bourbon and other prisoners; Lords and Attendants. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to *France*, Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald, Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our fight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them sker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old *Assyrian* slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. How now, what means their herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe, the while!)
Lie drown'd, and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your Majesty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack
Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought
a most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true; if your Majesties
is remember'd of it, the *Welshmen* did good service in
a garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their
Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour
is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe,
your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the Leek upon
St. *Tavee's* day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour :
For I am *Welsh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majesty's
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : God
plefs and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace and
his majesty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I
care not who know it : I will confefs it to all the orld ;
I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be
God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so !

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him :

[*Exeunt Heralds, with Mountjoy.*
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.——Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in
thy cap ?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one
that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Englishman* ?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swag-
ger'd with me last night ; who, if alive, and if ever he
dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him
a box o'th' ear ; or if I can see my glove in his cap,
which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear, (if
alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit
this foldier keep his oath ?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your
Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of
great fort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the de-
vil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself, it is necessary,
look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath :

if

if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackfawce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [Exit.

K. Henry. Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap; when *Alanfon* and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanfon* and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him if thou dost love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself agriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o'th' ear.

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin *Warwick*:

If that the soldier strike him, as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;

And quickly he'll return an injury.

Follow ; and see there be no harm between them.

Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I Warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now come apace to the King : there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the glove ? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal orld, in *France* or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir ? you villain ?

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanfon*'s.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter ?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty——

Enter King Henry, and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter ?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look

look your Grace, has struck the glove, which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of *Alanfon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowfy, knave it is. I hope, your Majesty is pear me testimonies, and witnesses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanfon* that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, foldier; look, here is the fellow of it; 'twas me, indeed, thou promised'st to strike, and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowlinefs; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns: And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will : I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes ; come, wherefore should you be so pathful ; your shoes is not so good ; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now, *Herald*, are the dead number'd ?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French*.

K. Henry. What prisoners of good sort are taken, Uncle ?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King ;
John Duke of *Bourbon*, and Lord *Bouchiqualt* ;
Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*,
Slain in the field : of Princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six ; added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights ;
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries :
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles, that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, high constable of *France* ;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France* ;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord *Rambures* ;
Great master of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin* ;
John Duke of *Alanson*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar* : Of lusty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouffe*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Becunont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Lestrale*.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !
Where is the number of our *English* dead ?

Exe. *Edward* the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam*, Esquire :

None

None else of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and ev'n play of battle,
Was ever known so great, and little loss,
On one part, and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*:
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men. [*Exe.*]

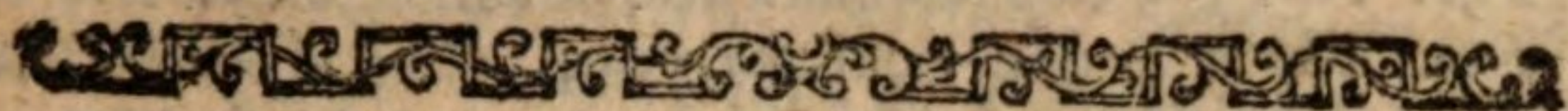
Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe, to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them; and to such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things;
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais*: grant him there; and there being seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea: behold, the *English* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea;
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way; so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to *London*.

So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon *Black-beath* :
 Where that his Lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him through the city, he forbids it ;
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride :
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How *London* doth pour out her citizens ;
 The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of antique *Rome*,
 With the *Plebeians* swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæsar* in.
 As by a low, but loving likelihood,
 Were now the General of our gracious Empress
 (As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword ;
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him ? much more (and much more cause)
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him ;
 (As yet the lamentation of the *French*
 Invites the King of *England's* Stay at home :
 The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
 To order peace between them ;) and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 'Till *Harry's* back return again to *France* :
 There must we bring him : and myself have play'd
 The int'rim, by remembering you, 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, straight back again to *France*.

[Exeunt.]





A C T V.

SCENE, *the English Camp in France.**Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

G O W E R.

NAY, that's right: but why wear you your Leek to day? *St. David's day* is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lowfy, praggling knave, *Pistol*, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap, 'till I see him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes swelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his Turkey-cocks. God plesse you, aunchient *Pistol*: you scurvy lowfy knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha! art thou beldam? dost thou thirst, base *Trojan*, To have me fold up *Parca's* fatal web?

Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowfy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it; I would desire you to eat it.

Exit.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, [Strikes him.
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it—[Strikes him.
You call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate, four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and swear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy great in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmenger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave:
will

will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* cudgel; you find 'tis otherwise; and henceforth let a *Welsh*-correction teach you a good *English* condition: fare you well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the hufwife with me now? News have I, that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn; And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand: To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal: And patches will I get unto these scars, And swear, I got them in the *Gallia* wars. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *the French Court, at Trois in
Champaigne.*

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Catharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. **P**Eace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes,
To our most fair and princely cousin *Catharine*;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
And, Princes *French*, and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Most worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
So are you, Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother *England*,

Of

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes :
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
 Against the *French*, that met them in their bent,
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality ; and that this day
 Shall change all griefs, and quarrels into love.

K. *Henry*. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. *Isa*. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love,
 Great Kings of *France*, and *England*. That I've labour'd
 With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
 To bring your most imperial Majesties
 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 Your Mightinesses on both parts can witness.
 Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
 That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
 You have congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand, before this royal view,
 What rub or what impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas ! she hath from *France* too long been chas'd :
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own fertility.
 Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart, (28)
 Unpruned lies: her edges even pleach'd,
 Like prisoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon; while that the culter rusts,

(28) *Her vine* ————— *Unpruned dies:*] We must read;
 as Mr. Warburton intimated to me, *lies*: For neglect of pruning
 does not kill the Vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately,
 and grow wild; by which the requisite Nourishment is withdrawn
 from its Fruit.

That

That should deracinate such savag'ry :
 The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth,
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility ;
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness. (29)
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences, that should become our country ;
 But grow like savages, (as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood)
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour,
 You are assembled ; and my speech intreats,
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies ;
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
 Which you have cited ; you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands :
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them ; to the which as yet
 There is no answer made.

K. Henry. Well, then ; the peace
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'er-glanc'd the articles ; pleaseth your Grace
 T'appoint some of your council presently

(29) *Defective in their Natures, grow to wildness.*] Quite contrary ;
 they were not defective, but exuberant in their Natures, and creative
 Faculty : only wanting their due Cultivation, they degenerated.
 We must therefore read *Natures*.

Mr. Warburton.

To

To sit with us, once more with better heed
To re-survey them; we will suddenly (30)
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and you, brother *Glo'ster*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free pow'r to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our cousin *Catharine* here with us.
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave. [Exeunt.]

Manent King Henry, Catharine, and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair *Catharine*, most fair.
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak
your *England*.

K. Henry. O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me
soundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly with your *English* tongue. Do
you like me, *Kate*?

Cath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell what is like me.

(30) ————— we will suddenly
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.] As the *French* King desires
more Time to consider deliberately of the Articles, 'tis odd and ab-
surd for him to say absolutely, that he would accept them all. He cer-
tainly must mean, that he would at once wave and decline what he dis-
lik'd and consign to such as he approv'd of. Our Author uses *pass* in
this manner, in other places.

Mr. Warburton.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an Angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable à les Anges ?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear Catharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one ? that tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Lady. *Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits : dat is de Princes.*

K. Henry. The Princess is the better *English* Woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding ; I am glad thou canst speak no better *English*, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain King, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, I love you ; then if you urge me further than to say, do you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer ; i'faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain ; how say you, lady ?

Cath. *Sauf vostre bonheur, me understand well.*

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me ; for the one I have neither words nor measure : and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back ; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife : Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning ; that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there ; let thine eye be thy cook. I speak plain
soldier ;

soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me; take a soldier; take a King: and what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of *France*?

K. Henry. No, it is not possible that you should love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you should love the friend of *France*, for I love *France* so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine,

Cath. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. Henry. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, (which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off) *quand j'ay le possession de France, & quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? *St. Dennis* be my speed!) *donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more *French*: I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf vostre bonneur, le Francois que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Henry.

K. Henry. No, faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my tongue and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much *English*? canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, (as I have saving faith within, me tells me, thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a boy; and for my *English* moiety, take the word of a King and a bachelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mons tres chere & divine deesse*.

Cath. Your Majestee ave fause Frenche enough to deceive de most sage damoisel dat is *en France*.

K. Henry. Now, fy upon my false *French*; by mine honour, in true *English* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour, I dare not swear thou lov'st me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now be-shrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he 'got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them: but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more
spoil

spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empress, take me by the hand and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy *English* broken: therefore Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *English*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it shall please *le roy mon pere*.

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Cath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, *Kate*.

Cath. *Les dames & damoisels pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of *France*; I cannot tell, what is *baiser* en *English*.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Lady. Your Majesty entendre betterre que moy.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the maids in *France* to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. Ouy, vrayement.

K. Henry. O *Kate*, nice customs curt'sy to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers

kers of manners, *Kate*; and the Liberty, that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* Council; and they should sooner persuade *Harry of England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our Princess *English*?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English*.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his truly likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked seeing self? it were my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to confign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my Lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well summer'd

summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomeew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly your cousin in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so; and you may some of you thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you see them perspectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. Is't so, my Lords of *England*?

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majesty demands, That the King of *France*,
having occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name
your Highness in this form, and with this addition in
French: *nostre tres cher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre, heretier*
de France: and thus in *Latin*; *Præclarissimus filius noster*
Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. K. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that these contending Kingdoms,

England

England and *France*, whose very shores look pale
 With envy of each other's happiness,
 May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
 Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
 In their sweet breasts; that never war advance
 His bleeding sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, *Kate*; and hear me witness all,
 That here I kiss her as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flourish*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
 As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
 So be there, 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
 That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
 Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
 Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, (31)
 To make divorce of their incorporate league:
 That *English* may as *French*, *French Englishmen*,
 Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
 My Lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
 And all the Peers, for surety of our leagues.
 Then shall I swear to *Kate*, and you to me,
 And may our oaths well kept, and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable, pen
 Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory,

(13) *Thrust in between the passion of these Kingdoms*] The old Folio's have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the Author's Word was *passion*; a Word, more proper on the occasion of a Peace struck up. A Passion of two Kingdoms for one another, is an odd Expression. An Amity and political Harmony may be fixed betwixt two Countries, and yet either People be far from having a Passion for the other.

Small

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This Star of *England*. Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King succeed:
Whose state so many had i'th' managing,
That they lost *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.





H. Gravelot. in Vol. 4. P. 385.

G. V. d. Gucht Scul.



T H E

F I R S T P A R T

O F

K. H E N R Y VI.



VOL. IV.

R

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

Cardinal Beauford, Bishop of Winchester, and Uncle likewise to the King.

Duke of Exeter.

Duke of Somerset.

Earl of Warwick.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Suffolk.

Lord Talbot.

Young Talbot, his Son.

Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York.

Mortimer, Earl of March.

Sir John Fastolfe.

Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lord Mayor of London.

Sir Thomas Gargrave.

Sir William Glansdale.

Sir William Lucy.

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples,

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Alanson.

Bastard of Orleans.

Governor of Paris.

Master Gunner of Orleans.

Boy, his Son.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

*Margaret, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to King
Henry.*

Countess of Auvergne.

*Joan la Pucelle, a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and
setting up for the Championess of France.*

Fiends, attending her.

*Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on
the English and French.*

*The SCENE is partly in England, and partly
in France.*

The



The FIRST PART of (1)
King *HENRY* VI.

A C T I.

S C E N E, Westminster-Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

B E D F O R D.

☙☙☙☙☙ U N G be the heavens with black, yield day
to night!
☙ H ☙☙☙☙☙ Comets, importing change of times and states,
☙☙☙☙☙ Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
☙☙☙☙☙ And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto *Henry's* death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!

England

(1) *The first Part of K. HENRY VI. The Historical Transactions, contained in this Play, take in the Compass of above thirty Years. I must observe, however, that our Author, in the three*
R 2 *Parts*

England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.

Glou. *England* ne'er had a King until his time :
Virtue he had, deserving to command.

His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams ;

His arms spread wider than a Dragon's wings :

His sparkling eyes, repleat with awful fire,

More dazzled and drove back his enemies,

Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech :

He never lifted up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black ; why mourn we not in blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :

Upon a wooden coffin we attend :

And death's dishonourable victory

We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*

Conj'ners and forc'ers, that, afraid of him,

By magick verse have thus contriv'd his end ?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.

Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day

So dreadful will not be as was his fight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought ;

The church's pray'rs made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church ? where is it ? had not church-men
pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.

None do you like but an effeminate Prince,

Whom, like a School-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. *Glo'ster*, whate'er we like, thou art Protector.

And lookest to command the Prince and realm ;

Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,

More than God, or religious church-men may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;

Parts of King *Henry* VI. has not been very precise to the Date and
Disposition of his Facts ; but frequently shuffled them, backwards
and forwards, out of Time.

And

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace;
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry's* dead!
Posterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourice of salt tears, (2)
And none but women left to 'wail the dead!
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guysors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead *Henry's* corpse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glou. Is *Paris* lost, and *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery, but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain sev'ral factions;

(1) *Our Isle be made a Marish of salt Tears,*] Thus it is in both the Impressions by Mr. Pope: upon what Authority, I cannot say. All the old Copies read, a *Nourish*: and considering it is said in the Line immediately preceding, that Babes shall suck at their Mothers moist Eyes, it seems very probable that our Author wrote, a *Nourice*: i. e. that the whole Isle should be one common Nurse, or *Nourisher*, of Tears: and those be the Nourishment of its miserable Issue.

And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.

One would have lingring wars with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:

A third man thinks, without expence at all,

By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, *English* nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;

Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your Arms,

Of *England's* Coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.

Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes;

Wounds I will lend the *French*, instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the *English* quite,

Except some petty towns of no import.

The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,

The bastard *Orleans* with him is join'd:

Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth take his part,

The Duke of *Alanson* flies to his side. [Exit.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. *Glo'ster*, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious Lords, to add to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry's* hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight

Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.

The

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of *August* last, this dreadful Lord
 Retiring from the siege of *Orleans*,
 Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
 By three and twenty thousand of the *French*.
 Was round encompassed and set upon.
 No leifure had he to enrank his men;
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluckt out of hedges,
 They pitched in the ground confusedly;
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continued;
 Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
 Here, there, and every where enrag'd he flew,
 The *French* exclaim'd, "The devil was in arms!"
 All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
 A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle:
 Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
 If Sir *John Fastolfe* had not play'd the coward; (3)
 He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
 With purpose to relieve and follow them)
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and massacre;
 Enclosed were they with their enemies.
 A base *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust *Talbot* with a spear into the back;

(3) If Sir John Fastolfe] Mr. Pope has taken Notice, in a Note upon the third Act of this Play,, "That *Falstaff* is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V*; the Occasion whereof is that "this Play was written before *Henry IV*, or *Henry V*." This seems to me but an idle piece of Criticism. It is the Historical Sir *John Fastolfe*, (for so he is called by both our Chroniclers) that is here mentioned; who was a Lieutenant-General in the Wars with *France*, Deputy Regent to the Duke of *Bedford* in *Normandy*, and a Knight of the *Garter*: and not the Com'c Character afterwards introduced by our Author; and which was a Creature merely of his own Brain.

Whom all *France* with her chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great *St. George's* feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is besieg'd;
The *English* army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny;
Since they so few watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit Bedford.

Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.

[Exit Gloucester.

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend;
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [Exit.

S C E N E,

S C E N E, *before Orleans in France.*

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier, marching with a drum and Soldiers.

Char. **M**ARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns,
So in the earth to this day is not known.

Late, did he shine upon the *English* side :

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have ?

At pleasure here we lie near *Orleans* :

Tho' still the famish'd *English*, like pale ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves ;

Either they must be dieted, like mules,

And have their provender ty'd to their mouths ;

Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege : why live we idly here ?

Talbot is taken, whom we won't to fear :

Remaineth none but mad-brained *Salisbury*,

And he may well in fretting spend his gall :

Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum : we will rush on them :
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French* :

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me ;

When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the English with great loss.*

Re-enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I ?

Dogs, cowards, dastards ! I would ne'er have fled,

But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a desp'rate homicide,

He fighteth as one weary of his life,

The other Lords, like lions wanting food,

Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. *Froysard*, a countryman of ours, records,

England all *Oliviers* and *Rowlands* bred,

During the time *Edward* the Third did reign :
 More truly now may this be verified ;
 For none but *Sampsons* and *Goliasses*
 It sendeth forth to skirmish ; one to ten !
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose,
 They had such courage and audacity !

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd
 slaves,

And hunger will enforce them be more eager :
 Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
 The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
 Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do :
 By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin ? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd.
 Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 Which by a vision, sent to her from heav'n,
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege ;
 And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*.
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
 Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome* :
 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in ; believe my words,
 For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in ? but first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place ;
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats ?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?

Where

Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
 I know thee well, tho' never seen before,
 Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:
 In private will I talk with thee apart:
 Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
 Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate.
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me;
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity:
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success.
 In compleat glory she reveal'd herself;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated.
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
 Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each side;
 The which, at *Tourain* in *St. Catharine's* church,
 Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.]

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*;

And

And fightest with the sword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtless, he thrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?

Pucel. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp, for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint *Martin's* summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry's* death the *English* circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip's* daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,

How

How may I reverently worship thee?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust, if she proves false. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Tower-gates, in London.*

Enter Gloucester, with his Serving-men.

Glou. I Am this day come to survey the *Tower*;
Since *Henry's* death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Gloucester*, that calls.

1 Ward. Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?

1 Man. It is the noble Duke of *Gloucester*.

2 Ward. Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 Man. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 Ward. The Lord protect him! so we answer him;
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower-gates, and Woodvile
the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Glo'ster*, that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble Duke: I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Winchester* forbids;
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted *Wood-vile*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late Sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King;
Open the gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv.

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower-gates, Winchester and
his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphrey*, what means
this? (4)

Glou. Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'st to murder our dead Lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin;
I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damascus*, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do, what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In spight of Pope or dignities of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. *Glo'ster*, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glou. *Winchester* Goose! I cry, a rope, a rope.

(4) *How now ambitious umpire, what means this?*] This Reading has obtained in all the Editions since the second *Folio*. The first *Folio* has it, *Umpheir*. It is observable that, in both, the Word is distinguished in *Italicks*. But why, *Umpire*? Or of what? *Gloucester* was Protector of the Realm in the King's Minority, but not an Umpire in any particular Matter that we know of. The Traces of the Letters, and the Word being printed originally in *Italicks*, convince me, that the Duke's Christian Name lurk'd under this Corruption. I have therefore ventur'd to restore it in the Text: and *Gloucester* is not so seldom as 50 times called *Humphry* in this and the succeeding Play.

Now

Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats; out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the burly-burly the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fy, Lords; that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here distrain'd the *Tower* to his use.

Win. Here's *Glo'ster* too, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer, as loud as ere thou canst.

*All manner of men assembled here in arms this day, against
God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you
in his Highness's name, to repair to your several dwelling
places, and not wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon,
or dagger henceforward, upon pain of Death.*

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.

Win. *Glo'ster*, we'll meet to thy dear cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it, ere be long.

*[Exeunt.
Mayor.]*

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
 Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
 I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exit.

SCENE changes to Orleans in France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
 And how the *English* have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
 Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
 Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
 Something I must do to procure me grace.
 The Prince's 'spials have informed me,
 The *English*, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
 Went through a secret grate of iron bars,
 In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
 And thence discover how, with most advantage,
 They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
 And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd.
 If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
 For I can stay no longer,——
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
 And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter Salisbury, and Talbot on the turrets, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
 Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraile.
 For him was I exchang'd, and ransomed.

But

But with a baser man of arms by far,
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me :
 Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death,
 Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.
 In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.
 But, oh ! the treach'rous *Fastolfe* wounds my heart ;
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
 In open market-place produc'd they me,
 To be a publick spectacle to all.
 Here, said they, is the terror of the *French* ;
 The scare-crow, that affrights our children so.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me,
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly ;
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure :
 So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
 That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel ;
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had ;
 They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while ;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, with a Linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd.
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently,
 Now it is supper-time in *Orleans* :
 Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
 And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify :
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and *Sir William Glansdale*,
 Let me have your express opinions,
 Where is best place to make our batt'ry next ?

Gar. I think, at the north gate ; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls down.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched finners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me woeful man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak, *Salisbury*; at least if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles *Salisbury* o'ercame:

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars.

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, *Salisbury*? tho' thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heav'n for grace.

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.

O *Salisb'ry*, cheer thy spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not die, while —————

————— He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantagenet, I will; and, *Nero-like*,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall *France* be only in my name.

[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*]

What stir is this? what tumults in the heav'ns?

Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin* with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up, and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.

Pucelle or *Puffel*, *Dauphin* or *Dog-fish*,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my Horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,

And then we'll try what dastard *Frenchmen* dare.

[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing Salisbury and
Sir Thomas Gargrave out.*

*Here an alarm again; and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin,
and driveth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving
Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our *English* troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And straitway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*

Tal. Heav'ns, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. *Talbot*, farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

[*A short alarm. Then enters the town with soldiers.*
O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit Pucelle.*

Tal.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
 I know not where I am, nor what I do :
 A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.
 So Bees with smoke, and Doves with noisom stench,
 Are from their hives, and houses, driv'n away.
 They call'd us for our fierceness *English* dogs,
 Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarm.*

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the Lions out of *England's* Coat ;
 Renounce your soil, give Sheep in Lions' stead :
 Sheep run not half so tim'rous from the Wolf,
 Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarm. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be : retire into your trenches :
 You all consented unto *Salisbury's* death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
 In spite of us, or aught that we could do,
 O, would I were to die with *Salisbury* !

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot.*

[*Alarm, Retreat, Flourish.*

*Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier,
 Alanfon, and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
 Rescu'd is *Orleans* from the *English* wolves :
 Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.

Dau. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea's* daughter,
 How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs !
 Thy promiſes are like *Adonis's* garden,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess !
 Recover'd is the town of *Orleans* ;
 More bleſſed hap did ne'er befall our ſtate.

Reig.

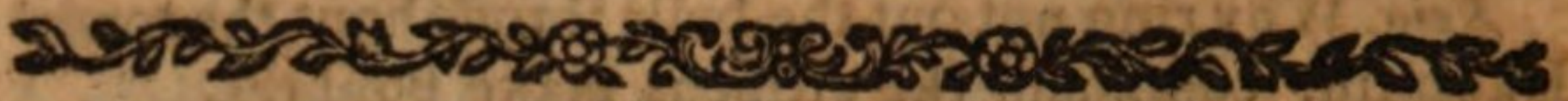
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets :
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.

Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won :
For which I will divide my Crown with her ;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rodope's* or *Memphis'* ever was !
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*, (5)
Transported shall be at high festivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on *St. Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France's* Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

(5) ——— *Coffer of Darius*] When *Alexander* the Great took the City *Gaza*, the Metropolis of *Syria*, amidst the other Spoils and Wealth of *Darius* treasur'd up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little Chest, or Casket. Having survey'd the singular Rarity of it, and ask'd those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it ; when they had severally deliver'd their Opinions, he told them, he esteem'd nothing so worthy to be preserv'd in it as *Homer's Illiads*. Vide *Plutarchum* in *Vita Alexand. Magri*.





A C T II.

S C E N E, *before O R L E A N S.*

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

S E R J E A N T.

S I R S, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknes, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of *Artois*,
Wallon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful forcery.

Bed. Coward of *France*! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arms' fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term so pure;

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid? and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long!
If underneath the standard of the *French*
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I, to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Salisbury*! for thee, and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm; the enemy doth make assault.

[*The English, scaling the Walls, cry, St. George!*
A Talbot!

The French leap o'er the Walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, Bastard Alançon, Reignier, half ready
and half unready.

Alan. How now, my Lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reg. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alan. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, sure, favour him,

Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

Bast. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loss might be ten times as much?

Pucel.

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers, had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief ne'er could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels,
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my Lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, within the Walls of Orleans.

Alarm. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!
they fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sol. I'LL be so bold to take what they have left:
The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat.
Tal.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
 And here advance it in the market place,
 The middle centre of this cursed town.
 Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul :
 For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
 There have at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.
 And that hereafter ages may behold
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
 Within their chiefeft temple I'll erect
 A tomb, wherein his corps fhall be interr'd :
 Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans* ;
 The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
 And what a terror he had been to *France*.
 But, Lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I mufe, we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
 His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan of Arc*,
 Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
 Rous'd on the fudden from their drowfy beds,
 They did amongst the troops of armed men
 Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
 For fmoke and dusky vapours of the night,
 Am fure, I fcar'd the Dauphin and his trull :
 When, arm in arm, they both came fwiftly running,
 Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
 That could not live afunder day or night.
 After that things are fet in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my Lords ; which of this princely train
 Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of *France* ?

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would fpeak with him ?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countefs of *Auvergne*,
 With modefty, admiring thy renown,
 By me intreats, great Lord, thou wouldft vouchsafe
 To vifit her poor caftle where ſhe lies ;

That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it ev'n so? nay then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport;
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain; you perceive my mind. [*Whispers.*

Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Countess of Auvergne's Castle.

Enter the Countess, and her Porter.

Co. **P**Orter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,

And his atchievements of no less account:

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship
By message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome; what! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count.

Count. Is this the scourge of *France*?
 Is this the *Talbot* so much fear'd abroad,
 That with his name the mothers still their babes?
 I see, report is fabulous and false.
 I thought, I should have seen some *Hercules*;
 A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
 Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
 It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
 Should strike such terror in his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
 But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
 I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*; for my lady craves,
 To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
 I go to certify her, *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty Lord:
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
 That hast by tyranny these many years
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
 And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Co. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
 To think, that you have aught but *Talbot's* shadow
 Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
 You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
 For what you see, is but the smallest part
 And least proportion of humanity:
 I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
 He will be here, and yet he is not here:
 How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his horn; drums strike up; a peal of Ordnance.
 Enter Soldiers.*

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded,
 That *Talbot* is but shadow of himself?
 These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
 With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks;
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns;
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse;
 I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
 And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
 For, I am sorry, that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
 The mind of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done, hath not offended me:
 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only with your patience that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to London, in the Temple-garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and others.

Plan. **G**reat Lords and Gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best.
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer thro' a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withal, I think, he held the right.

Ver. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red;
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.

Ver. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the ſide, where ſtill I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who elſe?

Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;
[To *Somerſet*.

In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.

Plan. Now, *Somerſet*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white roſe to a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.

Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy roſe a canker, *Somerſet*?

Som. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, *Plantagenet*?

Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roſes,
That

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seen.

Plan. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy Faction, peevish boy. (6)

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, *Plantagenet*.

Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*!

We grace the Yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, *Somerſet*.

His grandfather was *Lyonel Duke of Clarence*,

Third ſon to the third *Edward King of England*:

Spring creſtleſs yeomen from ſo deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.

Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,

For treaſon headed in our late King's days?

And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,

Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?

His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker *Pool*, and you yourſelf,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

(6) *I ſcorn thee and thy paſſion, peeviſh boy.*] The old Copies read, *Faſhion*: which the Epithet *peeviſh*, I preſume, induced Mr. Pope to change into *Paſſion*. But I dare ſay, I have reſtored the true Word, *Faction*: i. e. I ſcorn thee, and thoſe that uphold thee. *Somerſet* had ſaid but juſt before,

Well, I'll find Friends to wear my bleeding Roſes.

And *Plantagenet* ſays a little after;

————— *this pale and angry Roſe*

Will I for ever and my Faction wear;

Befides, if *Faction* were not the true Reading, why ſhould *Suffolk* immediately reply,

Turn not thy Scorns this way, Plantagenet?

To scourge you for this reprehension ; (7)
Look to it well, and say, you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes :
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear ;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition :
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, *Pool* : farewell, ambitious *Richard*.
[Exit.]

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Glo'ster* :

And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.

Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerſet* and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I prophesy ; this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall ſend, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand ſouls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you ;
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.

Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.

Lawyer. And ſo will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

Come, let us four to dinner ; I dare ſay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.]

(7) *To ſcourge you for this Apprehenſion.*] Tho' this Word poſſeſſes all the Copies, I am perſuaded, it did not come from the Author. I have ventured to read, *Reprehenſion* : and *Plantagenet* means, that *Somerſet* had *reprebended* or reproached him with his Father, the Earl of Cambridge's, Treason.

S C E N E,

S C E N E, a Prison.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and jailors.

Mor. **K**Ind keepers of my weak, decaying age, (8)
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.

Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak shoulders over-born with burd'ning grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground;
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
(Unable to support this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come;
Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And, ev'n since then, hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost!

(8) This *Edmund Mortimer*, when King *Richard II.* set out upon his fatal *Irish Expedition*, was declared by that Prince Heir Apparent to the Crown: for which Reason King *Henry IV.* and *V.* took Care to keep him in Prison during their whole Reigns.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.

Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks;
That I may kindly give one fainting kifs.

And now declare, sweet stem from *York's* great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my Disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obliquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father Earl of *Cambridge* lost his head.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me;
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon there to pine,
Was curſed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot gueſs.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit;
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his couſin *Richard*, *Edward's* ſon,
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that deſcent.
During whoſe reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reaſon mov'd theſe warlike Lords to this,

Was,

Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
 I was the next by birth and parentage:
 For by my mother I derived am
 From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third son
 To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
 From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but the Fourth of that heroick Line.
 But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir;
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
 Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
 After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
 Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
 From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was;)
 Again in pity of my hard distress
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 And re-instal me in the Diadem:
 But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
 And that my fainting words do warrant death:
 Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick:
 Strong-fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence;
 As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaught'rer doth,
 Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.

Mourn

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only give order for my funeral.

And so farewell ; and fair befall thy hopes, (9)

And prosp'rous be thy life, in peace and war ! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

And, like a hermit, over-past thy days.

Well ; I will lock his counsel in my breast ;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself

Will see his burial better than his life.

Here dies the dusky torch of *Mortimer*,

Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort.

And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,

Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my house,

I doubt not but with honour to redress.

And therefore haste I to the Parliament ;

Either to be restored to my blood,

Or make my Ill th' advantage of my Good. (10) [*Exit.*

(9) ———— *and fair be all thy Hopes,*] *Mortimer* knew *Plantagenet's* Hopes were fair, but that the Establishment of the *Lancastrian* Line disappointed them : sure, he would wish, that his Nephew's fair Hopes might have a fair Issue ; and this the Restitution of a single Letter, which might easily have dropt out at Press, will give us ; as, I am persuaded, the Poet wrote ;

——— *and fair befall thy Hopes !*

(10) *Or make my Will th' Advantage of my Good.*] So all the Printed Copies : but with very little regard to the Poet's Meaning. What was *Plantagenet's Will*, but to be restored to his Blood ? The Conjunction disjunctive therefore here is absurd and ungrammatical. Besides, I dare say, a Contrast was designed in the Terms, which is lost by the Corruption of the Text. I restore, only throwing out a single Letter,

Or make my Ill th' Advantage of my Good.

Thus we recover the *Antithesis* of the Expression ; and the disjunctive becomes proper and necessary to the Meaning. “ Either I will
“ procure the Honours of my Blood to be restored ; or my *Misfor-*
“ tune, my Hardship in being refused this, shall at least gain me
“ Friends, and turn to my Advantage.”



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the PARLIAMENT.*

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet; Gloucester offers to put up a Bill: Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

W I N C H E S T E R.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
 With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphry of Glo'ster, if thou can'st accuse,
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
 Do it without invention suddenly;
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my
 patience;

Or thou shouldst find, thou hast dishonour'd me.
 Think not, altho' in writing I preferr'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
 No, Prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy leud, pestif'rous, and dissentious pranks,
 The very Infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree.
 And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at *London-bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win.

Win. Glo'ster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
 As he will have me; how am I so poor?
 How haps it then, I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself? but keep my wonted Calling.
 And for dissention, who preferreth peace
 More than I do? except I be provok'd.
 No, my good Lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that, which hath incens'd the Duke:
 It is, because no one should sway but he;
 No one, but he, should be about the King;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
 But he shall know, I am as good ———

Glou. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am not I then Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?

Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
 And uses it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ster*!

Glou. Thou art reverend
 Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This *Rome* shall remedy.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see, the Bishop be not over-borne:

Som. Methinks, my Lord should be religious;
 And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his Lordship should be humbler then,
 It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
 Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
 Left it be said, 'Speak, firrah, when you should;
 'Must your bold verdict enter talk with Lords?

Else

Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*.

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ster*, and of *Winchester*,
The special watchmen of our *English* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our Crown,
That two such noble peers, as ye, should jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the Common-wealth.

[*A noise within; Down with the tawny coats:*

K. Henry. What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the Bishop's men.

[*A noise again, Stones, Stones.*

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city *London*, pity us;
The Bishop and the Duke of *Glo'ster's* men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, in Skirmish, with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you on allegiance to ourselves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to
it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil;
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and for your royal birth

Inferior

Inferior to none but to his Majesty :
 And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
 So kind a father of the Common-weal,
 To be disgraced by an Inkhorn mate ;
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight :
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

I Sev. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Begin again.*]

Glou. Stay, stay, I say ;
 And if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Henry. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul !
 Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

War. My Lord Protector, yield : yield, *Winchester* ;
 Except you mean with obstinate repulse
 To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the Realm.
 You see, what mischief, and what murder too,
 Hath been enacted thro' your enmity :
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the King commands me stoop ;
 Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.
 Why look you still so stern and tragical ?

Glou. Here, *Winchester*, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fy, uncle *Beauford* : I have heard you preach,
 That malice was a great and grievous sin :
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
 But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet King ! the Bishop hath a kindly gird ?
 For shame, my Lord of *Winchester*, relent ;
 What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ster*, I will yield to thee :

Love

Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.

Glou. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,

This token serveth for a flag of truce

Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers :

So help me God, as I dissemble not !

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not !

K. Henry. O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ster*,

How joyful am I made by this contract !

Away, my masters, trouble us no more ;

But join in friendship as your Lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content. I'll to the Surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I'll see what physick the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*]

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,

Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*

We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick* ; For, sweet Prince,

An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumstance,

You have great reason to do *Richard* right :

Especially, for those occasions

At *Eltham*-place I told your Majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of force :

Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleasure is,

That *Richard* be restored to his blood,

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his blood,

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the house of *York* ;

From whence you spring by lineal Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,

And faithful service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot.

And in reguerdon of that duty done,

I gird thee with the valiant sword of *York*.

Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,

And

And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*!

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*! [*Aside.*

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When *Glo'ster* says the word, King *Henry* goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love;
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away;
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That *Henry*, born at *Monmouth*, should win all;
And *Henry*, born at *Windsor*, should lose all;
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to Roan in France*

*Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and four Soldiers with
Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. **T**Hese are the city gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy must make a breach,
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words;
Talk

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall;)
 And that we find the slothful Watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends;
 That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our Sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
 And we be Lords and rulers over *Roan*;
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

Watch. *Qui va là?*

Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France.*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
 [Exeunt

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanfon.

Dau. *St. Dennis* blefs this happy stratagem!
 And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practisants:
 Now she is there, how will she specify
 Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
 Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,
 No way to that (for weakness) which she enter'd.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch
 burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
 That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
 But burning fatal to the *Talbotites*.

Bast. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
 The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
 A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
 Enter and cry, the *Dauphin*! presently,
 And then do execution on the Watch.

[An Alarm; Talbot in an Excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
 If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle,

Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares;
That hardly we escap'd the prize of *France*. (11) [*Ex.*

An alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought in, sick, in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy, without; within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and Reignier, on the walls.

Pucel. Good-morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think, the Duke of *Burgundy* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtizan!
I trust, ere long to choak thee with thine own;
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Fu. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a-tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy Peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*They whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field!

Pucel. Belike, your Lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

(11) *That hardly we escap'd the Pride of France.*] All the Copies concur in this reading: but it seems to be an absurd and unmeaning one. The best Construction, that can arise from *escaping the Pride of France*, is, *escaping the proud French*: which would come very improperly from *Talbot's* Mouth. I have ventured to suppose, our Author wrote, the *Prize*: i. e. We hardly escaped being seized by becoming the Prize of the *French*. So likewise in the *French* Tongue, *la Prise* signifies the seizure, or apprehending of any thing, as well as the Thing seized.

Tal.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanfon*, and the rest.
Will ye, like foldiers, come and fight it out?

Alan. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang:—base muleteers of *France*!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodnefs by his looks.
God be wi' you, my Lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [Exeunt from the walls.

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elfe reproach be *Talbot's* greateft fame:
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy Houfe,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs fustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I, as fure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was Conqueror,
As fure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cæurdelion's* heart was buried;
So fure I fwear, to get the town, or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: come, my Lord,
We will beftow you in fome better place:
Fitter for ficknefs, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not fo difhonour me:
Here I will fit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Burg. Couragious *Bedford* let us now perfuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ftout *Pendragon*, in his litter fick,
Came to the field, and vanquifhed his foes.
Methinks, I fhould revive the foldiers' hearts;
Because I ever found them as myfeif.

Tal. Undaunted fpirit in a dying breaft!
Then be it fo: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* fafe!
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And fet upon our boasting enemy.

[Exit.
An

An Alarm : excursions : Enter Sir John Fastolffe, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Fastolffe*, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord *Talbot*?

Fast. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to save my life.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill-fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat : excursions. Pucelle, Alanfon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heav'n shall please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies ; and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE, within the walls of Roan.

An Alarm : Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. LOST and recover'd in a day again?

This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet, heav'ns have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
'Thy noble deeds, as Valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old Familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?

What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief;
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now we will take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to *Paris* to the King;

For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lies.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.

Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd;

But

But see his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*,
 A braver foldier never couched lance,
 A gentler heart did never sway in Court,
 But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
 For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alanfon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
 Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.
 Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while;
 And, like a Peacock, sweep along his tail:
 We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
 If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
 And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.
 Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
 By fair persuasions mixt with sugar'd words,
 We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
 To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry's* warriors;
 Nor shall that Nation boast it so with us,
 But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
 And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drum beats afar off.

Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
 Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.

[Here beat an English March.
 There

There goes the *Talbot* with his colours spread,
 And all the troops of *English* after him. [*French March.*
 Now, in the rereward, comes the Duke and his:
 Fortune in favour, makes him lag behind.
 Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.——

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy*?

Pucel. The princely *Charles* of *France* thy countryman.

Burg. What sayst thou, *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*!
 Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*;
 And see the cities, and the towns defac'd
 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
 As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
 When death does close his tender dying eyes;
 See, see the pining malady of *France*.
 Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,
 Which thou thyself hast giv'n her woeful breast.
 Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;
 Strike those that hurt; and hurt not those that help:
 One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
 Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore;
 Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
 And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
 Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee;
 Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
 Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
 That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
 When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of Ill;
 Who then but *English Henry* will be Lord,

And

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive ?
 Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof ;
 Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe ?
 And was not he in *England* prisoner ?
 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free without his ransom paid ;
 In spight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
 See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen ;
 And join'st with them, will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return ; return, thou wand'ring Lord ;
Charles, and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquished. These haughty words of hers
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannot-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen ;
 And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
 My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
 So farewell, *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman* : turn, and turn again !

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke ! thy friendship makes
 us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alan. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our pow'rs ;
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York,
 Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, &c. To them
Talbot, with his Soldiers.

Tal. MY gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my Sovereign.
 In sign whereof, this arm (that hath reclaim'd
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, and sev'n wall'd towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem ;)

Let's fall the sword before your Highness' feet :
 And with submissive loyalty of heart
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
 First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd Lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ster*,
 That hath so long been resident in *France*?

Glou. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
 When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
 I do remember how my father said,
 A stouter champion never handled sword.
 Long since we were resolved of your truth,
 Your faithful service and your toil in war ;
 Yet never have you tasted your reward,
 Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face :
 Therefore stand up, and, for these good deserts,
 We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
 And in our coronation take your place. [Exeunt.

Manent Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
 Disgracing of these colours that I wear
 In honour of my noble Lord of *York* ;
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your sawcy tongue
 Against my Lord, the Duke of *Somerset*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye ; not so : in witness, take you that.

[Strikes him.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
 That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death ;
 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
 But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
 I may have liberty to 'venge this wrong ;
 When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you ;
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.

A C T



A C T IV.

S C E N E, P A R I S.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

G L O U C E S T E R.

LORD Bishop, set the Crown upon his head.

Win. God save King *Henry*, of that name the sixth!

Glou. Now, Governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state.

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haste unto your Coronation;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee.
I vow'd, base Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of *Poitiers*,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the *French* were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty 'squire did run away.

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
 Myself and divers gentlemen beside
 Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss ;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea or no ?

Glou. To say the truth this fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeming any common man ;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd, my Lords,
 Knights of the Garter were of noble birth ;
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage ;
 Such as were grown to Credit by the wars :
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
 Prophaning this most honourable Order ;
 And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy doom ;
 Be packing therefore, thou that wast a Knight ;
 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. [*Exit Fast.*
 And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd
 his stile ?

No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King.* [*Reading.*
 Hath he forgot, he is his Sovereign ?
 Or doth this churlish superscription
 Portend some alteration in good will ?
 What's here ? *I have upon especial cause,* [*Reads.*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsoaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles the rightful King of France.
 O monstrous treachery ! can this be so ?
 That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glou. He doth, my Lord, and is become your foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.

My Lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him strait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Talbot.*]

Enter Vernon, and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me, my Lord; grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine; sweet *Henry*, favour him.

K. Hen. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble Lord ;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet, know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him ;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Henry. Good Lord ! what madness rules in brain-
sick men !

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise !

Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it *Somerſet*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest, where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glou. Confirm it so ? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate ;
Presumptuous vassals ! are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King, and us ?
And you, my Lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections :
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves :
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness: good my Lords, be friends,

K. Henry. Come hither you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my Lords ; remember where we are ;

In

In *France* amongst a fickle wavering nation :
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel ?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry's* Peers and chief Nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France* ?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be Umpire in this doubtful strife :
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more encline to *Somerſet*, than *York*.
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd,
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach :
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of *York*, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of *France* :
And, good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot :
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to *Calais*,
From thence to *England* ; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that trait'rous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Manet York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promise you, the King Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not, In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not: I dare preſume, ſweet Prince he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wiſ, he did.—But let it reſt! (12) Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice: For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out, I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there More ranc'rous ſpight, more furious raging broils, Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd. But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees This jarring diſcord of Nobility, This ſhould'ring of each other in the court, This factious bandying of their favourites; But that he doth preſage ſome ill event. 'Tis much, when ſcepters are in childrens' hands; But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion: There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, before the Walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot with Trumpets, and Drum.

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter, Summon their general unto the wall. [*Sounds.*]

(12) *And if I wiſh be did.*] Thus the Editions have ſlightly corrupted this Paſſage. By the pointing reform'd, and a ſingle Letter expung'd, I have reſtored the Text to its Purity. *And, if I wiſh, be did.*-----The Senſe is this. *Warwick* had ſaid, the King meant no harm in wearing *Somerſet's* Roſe: to which *York* teſtily replies; “Nay, if I think right, or know any thing of the Matter. “he did think harm.”

Enter

Enter General, aloft.

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to *Harry King of England*;
 And thus he would.—Open your city-gates,
 Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
 But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
 Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
 For, I protest, we are well fortify'd;
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress:
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil;
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot*.
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I thy enemy due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[Drum afar off.]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,

Sings heavy musick to thy tim'rous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exit from the walls.

Tal. He fables not: I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England's* tim'rous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *English* deer, be then in blood?
Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and desp'rate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and St. George, *Talbot*, and *England's* right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.

S C E N E, another Part of France.

Enter a Messenger, that meets York. Enter York, with trumpet, and many soldiers.

York. **A**R E not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bordeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your espyals were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerfet*,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in *France*.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *English* strength,
Never so needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the rescue of the noble *Talbot*;
Who now is girdled with a waste of iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke; to *Bordeaux*, *York*!
Else farewell *Talbot*, *France*, and *England's* honour.

York. O God! that *Somerfet*, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in *Talbot's* place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd Lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* smiles; we lose, they daily get:
All 'long of this vile traitor *Somerfet*.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* soul,
And on his son young *John*! whom, two hours since,
I met in travel towards his warlike father;
This seven years did not *Talbot* see his son,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That hundred friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause; I cannot aid the man.

Maine, *Bloys*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
'Long all of *Somerfet*, and his delay. [Exit.]

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The Conquests of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth!—While they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.]

S C E N E

S C E N E, *another Part of France.**Enter Somerset, with his army.*

Som. **I**T is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
 Too rashly plotted. All our gen'ral force
 Might with a fall of the very town
 Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
 By this unheedful, desp'rate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
 That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is *Sir William Lucy*, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, *Sir William*, whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my Lord? from bought and sold Lord
Talbot,

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerset*,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
 And while the honourable Captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue;
 You, his false hopes, the trust of *England's* honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours, that should lend him aid;
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Bastard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alansén, *Reignier*, compass him about;
 And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. *York* set him on, *York* should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as fast upon your Grace exclaims;
 Swearing, that you with-hold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lies: he might have sent, and had the horse:
 I owe

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by fending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot* :
Never to *England* shall he bear his life ;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go ; I will dispatch the horsemen strait :
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue ; he is ta'en, or slain ;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled :
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot*, then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Field of Battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, and his son.

Tal. O Young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war ;
That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boarding stars !
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not ; be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot* ? and am I your son ?
And shall I fly ? O ! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me.
The world will say, he is not *Talbot's* blood,
That basely fled, when noble *Talbot* stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly :

Your

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the *French* can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won:
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
 You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear:
 But if I bow, they'll say, it was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?
 My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
 No more can I be sever'd from your side,
 Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
 For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
 Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:
 Come, side by side, together live and die;
 And soul with soul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarm: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about,
 and Talbot rescues him.*

Tal. St. George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
 The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
 And left us to the rage of *France's* sword.

Where

Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanson*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave boy—
Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John*? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmens'* rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and, if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

Out

Out on that 'vantage bought with such a shame, (13)
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
 'The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of *France*,
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot:
 If son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Sire of *Crete*,
 Thou *Icarus*! thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Excursions. Enter old Talbot, led.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
 O! where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
 Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity!
 Young *Talbot's* valour makes me smile at thee.
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me;
 And like a hungry Lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tending my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start,
 Into the clustring battle of the *French*:
 And, in that sea of blood, my boy did drench

(13) *On that advantage, bought with such a Shame,
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright Fame!
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The Coward horse, that bears me, fall and die.]*

This passage seems to lie obscure, and disjointed. Neither the Grammar is to be justified; nor is the Sentiment better. I have ventured at a slight Alteration, which departs so little from the Reading which has obtained, but so much raises the Sense, as well as takes away the Obscurity, that I am willing to think it restores the Author's Meaning.

His

His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*! my blossom, in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my dear Lord! lo! where your son is borne.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither sky,
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
"Had death been *French*, then death had died to-day."
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot's* Grave. [*Dies.*]



A C T V.

S C E N E *continues near Bourdeaux.*

Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundy, Bastard and Pucelle.

C H A R L E S.

HAD *York* and *Somerfet* brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging brood
Did flesh his puny sword in *Frenchmen's* blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
"Thou

“Thou maiden youth, be vanquish’d by a maid.”
 But with a proud, majestic, high scorn
 He answer’d thus: “Young *Talbot* was not born
 “To be the pillage of a giglot wench.”

So, rushing in the bowels of the *French*,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble Knight:
 See, where he lies inhered in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones afunder;
 Whose life was *England*’s glory, *Gallia*’s wonder.

Char. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin’s tent, to know
 Who hath obtain’d the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? ’tis a mere *French* word,
 We *English* warriors wot not, what it means.
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta’en,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask’st thou? hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek’st?

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
 Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
 Created, for his rare success in arms,
 Great Earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
 Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeld*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the noble order of St. George,
 Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
 Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here is a silly, stately, stile, indeed:
 The *Turk*, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this.

Him

Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmens'* only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black *Nemesis*?

Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!

Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France*!

Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think, this upstart is old *Talbot's* ghost;
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrify the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phoenix, that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris*, in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain. [Exeunt.

S C E N E changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Hen. H AVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac*?

Glou. I have, my Lord; and their intent is this;
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a goodly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France*.

K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou. Well, my good Lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on ev'ry side.

K. Henry. Ay, marry, Uncle, for I always thought
It

It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young:
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' Ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers ev'ry one.
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my Country's weal.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verifi'd,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy:
"If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap coequal with the Crown."

K. Henry. My Lords Ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on;
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glou. And for the proffer of my Lord your master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large;
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be *England's* Queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And, so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,

And

And safely brought to *Dover*; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King and Train.*]

Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordship's leisure.

Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer.

Humphry of Glo'ster, thou shalt well perceive,

That nor in birth, or for authority,

The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to France.

*Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanfon, Bastard, Reignier,
and Joan la Pucelle.*

Dau. **T**Hese news, my Lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.

Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your pow'rs in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us,
Else ruin combat with their palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant General,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The *English* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Burg.

Burg. I trust, the ghost of *Talbot* is not there ;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.
Command the conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine :
Let *Henry* fret and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my Lords ; and *France* be fortunate.
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm : excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, ye charming Spells and Periapts ;
And, ye choice Spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents ; [Thunder.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*]

Oh, hold me not with silence over long :
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit :
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress ? my body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance ?
Then, take my soul ; my body, soul and all ;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See,

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
 That *France* must vail her lofty plumed crest,
 And let her head fall into *England's* lap.
 My ancient incantations are too weak,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with :
 Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand.
 Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of *France*, I think, I have you fast.
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
 And try if they can gain your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's Grace !
 See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
 As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man ;
 No shape, but his, can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee !
 And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning hag ! inchantress, hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a-while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
 [Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk, with Lady Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
 [Gazes on her.

O, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;
 For I will touch thee but with reverend hands :
 I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou ? say ; that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret, my name ; and daughter to a King ;
 The King of *Naples* ; whoso'er thou art.

Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
 Be not offended, Nature's miracle,

Thou

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
 So doth the Swan her downy cignets save,
 Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
 Yet if this servile usage once offend,
 Go and be free again, as *Suffolk's* friend. [*She is going.*
 Oh, stay ! I have no pow'r to let her pass ;
 My hand would free her, but my heart says, no.
 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
 Fy, *De la Pole*, disable not thyself :
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy pris'ner ?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
 What ransom must I pay before I pass ?
 For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love ? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must I pay ?
Suf. She's beautiful : and therefore to be woo'd :
 She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no ?
Suf. Fond man ! remember, that thou hast a wife ;
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour ? [*Aside.*
Mar. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random : sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would, that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*. For whom ?
 Why, for my King : Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood : it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
 And peace established between these realms.
 But there remains a scruple in that too :
 For though her father be the King of *Naples*,

Duke

Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet he is poor ;
And our Nobility will scorn the match.

[*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye me, Captain ? are ye not at leisure ?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the *French* ;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so ?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen ?

Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility ;
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy *England's* Royal King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me ?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What ?

Suf. His love ?

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* wife.

Suf. No, gentle Madam ; I unworthy am
To woo so fair dame to be his wife ;
And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, Madam, are you so content.

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, Madam, at your father's castle-walls,
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the walls.

Suf. See, *Reignier*, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I descend;
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou*, what your Honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King;
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a Lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two Counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again in *Henry's* Royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a King.

And

And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*

I'll over then to *England* with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd :
So farewell, *Reignier* ; set this diamond safe
In golden Palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my Lord: good wishes, praise and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [She is going.

Suf. Farewel, sweet Madam; hark you, *Margaret* ;
No princely commendations to my King ?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, Madam, I must trouble you again,
No loving token to his Majesty ?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—but *Suffolk*, stay ;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praise,
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguish art ;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas ;
That, when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry's* feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exe.*

Enter York, Warwick, a shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that forcerefs, condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, *Joan* ! This kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought ev'ry Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless, cruel, death !
Ah, *Joan*, sweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood.

Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—my Lords, and please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother, living yet, can testify,
She was the first-fruit of my batch'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues, what her kind of life hath been.
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fy, *Jean*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*]

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.

Pu. First, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace, that others have,

You

You judge it streight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan of Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rig'rously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heav'n forfend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine, what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since *Charles* must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was *Alanfon* that enjoy'd my love.

York. *Alanfon!* that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl; I think, she knows not well,
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pu. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse.

May never glorious sun reflect his beams
 Upon the country where you make abode!
 But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
 Invireon you, 'till mischief and despair
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[Exit, guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
 Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal of Winchester.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
 With letters of Commission from the King.
 For know, my Lords, the states of Christendom,
 Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
 Have earnestly implor'd a gen'ral peace
 Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring *French*;
 And see at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
 Approaching to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many Peers,
 So many Captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered?
 Oh, *Warwick, Warwick!* I foresee with grief
 The utter loss of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a peace,
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
 As little shall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Bastard, and Reignier.

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*;
 We come to be informed by yourselves,
 What the conditions of that league must be.

York.

York. Speak, *Winchester* ; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. *Charles* and the rest, it is enacted thus :
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace ;
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him ;
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself ?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man ?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am possess
Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole ?
No, Lord Ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league ;
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Standst thou aloof upon comparison ?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract ;
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to the Dauphin.*

War. How say'st thou, *Charles*? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty.
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of *England*:
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the crown of *England*.
So now dismiss your army, when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to England.*

*Enter Suffolk, in Conference with King Henry;
Gloucester, and Exeter.*

K. Henry. **Y**Our wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Marg'ret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good Lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And,

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights,
 But with as humble lowliness of mind
 She is content to be at your command :
 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
 To love and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise will *Henry* ne'er presume :
 Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent,
 That *Marg'ret* may be *England's* royal Queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
 You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
 Unto another Lady of esteem :
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,
 And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
 Or one, that at a triumph having vow'd
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
 By reason of his adversary's odds.
 A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds ;
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that ?
 Her father is no better than an Earl,
 Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her father is a King,
 The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem* ;
 And of such great authority in *France*,
 That his alliance will confirm our peace ;
 And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
 Because he is near kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral dow'r,
 While *Reignier* sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dow'r, my Lords ! Disgrace not so your King,
 That he should be so abject, base and poor,
 To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queen ;
 And not to seek a Queen, to make him rich.
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep or horse.
 But marriage is a matter of more worth,

Than

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :
 Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
 And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd ;
 For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife ?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 Whom should we match with *Henry*, being a King,
 But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King ;
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none, but for a King :
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
 (More than in woman commonly is seen,)
 Answer our hope in issue of a King :
 For *Henry*, son unto a Conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors ;
 If with a lady of so high resolve,
 As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
 Then yield, my Lords, and here conclude with me,
 That *Marg'ret* shall be Queen, and none but she.
 K. *Henry*. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My noble Lord of *Suffolk* ; or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping ; post, my Lord, to *France* ;
 Agree to any covenants ; and procure,
 That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to *England* ; and be crown'd
 King *Henry's* faithful and anointed Queen.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say ; for 'till you do return,
 I am perplexed with a thousand cares.

And

And you, good Uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know, it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[Exit.

Glou. Ay ; grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exit Gloucester.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,

We hope to find the like event in love ;

But prosper better than the *Trojan* did :

Marg'ret shall now be Queen, and rule the King :

But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [Exit.

The End of the Fourth Volume.



... your good Uncle, ...
... be ... me, ... you ...
... what you ... I ... it will ...
... is ... of ...

... the ...
... my ...
... I ...
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The End of the Fourth Volume



Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

Works

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